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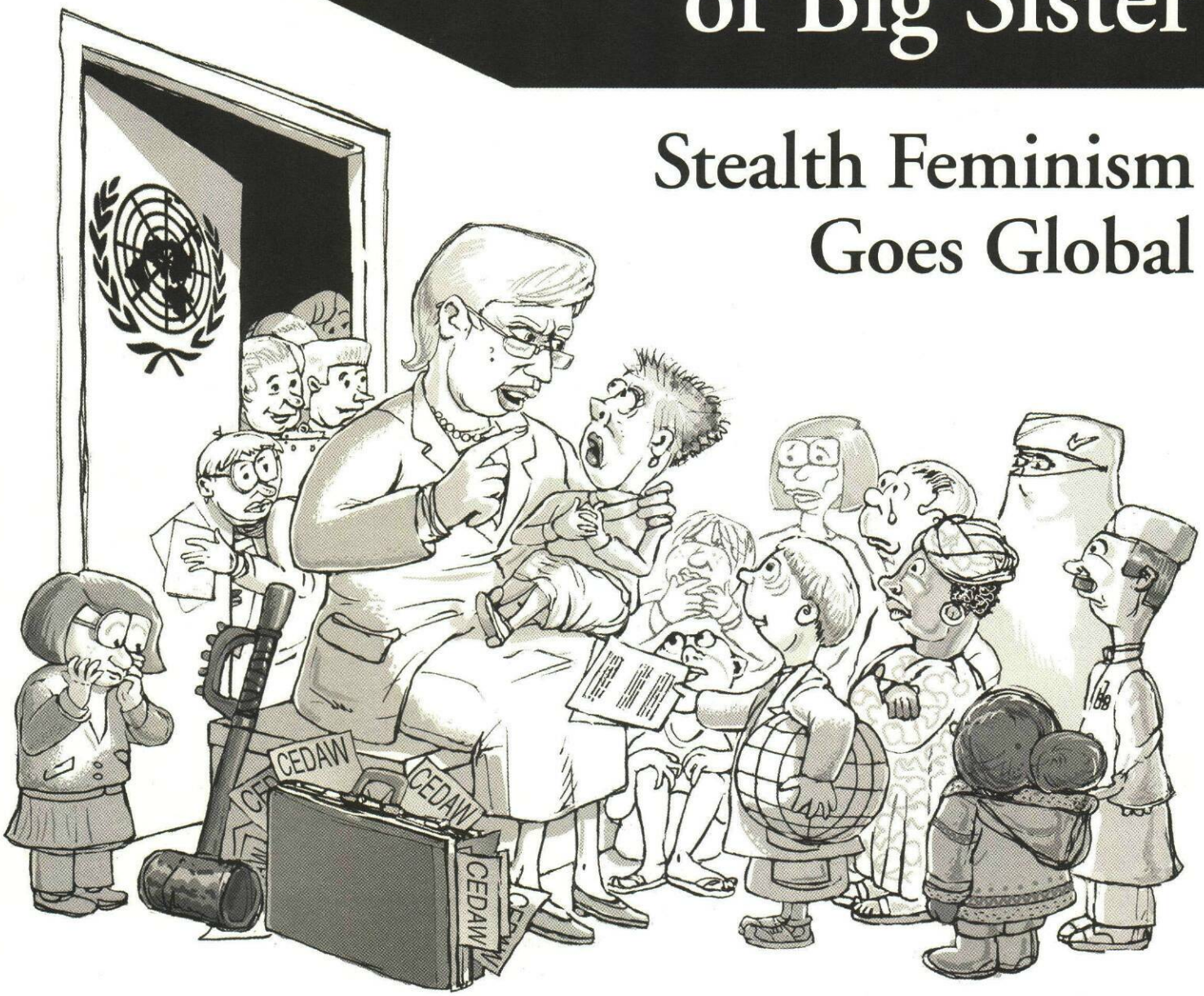
The Women's Quarterly

Beware of Big Sister

Stealth Feminism Goes Global



Also Inside: A Syllabus for Young Ladies

Charlotte Allen, James Bowman, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Nat Hentoff, Roger Kimball, Mary Lefkowitz, Cullen Murphy, Camille Paglia, Roger Rosenblatt, Claudia Winkler, and Jean Yarbrough

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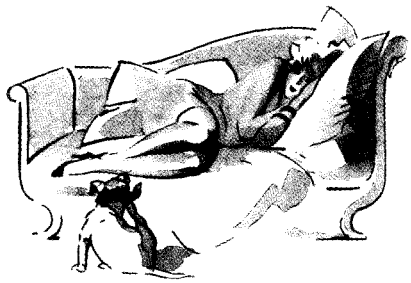
Diary



From Kate M. to Catherine M.

As I turned the pages of the latest French sexology hit, *The Sexual Life of Catherine M.*, I couldn't help comparing the author of this strange and startling new memoir, Catherine Millet, to the similarly named Kate Millett. We've come a long way from Kate M., the author of *Sexual Politics*, a seminal work of radical feminism, to Catherine M., the highly-respected Parisian art critic and magazine editor who has a penchant for anonymous group sex in the Bois de Boulogne.

When *Sexual Politics*, Millett's rehashed dissertation for a doctorate from Columbia University, burst on the scene in 1970, it introduced the now-familiar term "patriarchy" and the notion that relations between men and women—including coitus—are inevitably political and that women historically have been oppressed by men.

If Catherine M. finds coitus even remotely oppressive, there are no signs of it in this book. A self-proclaimed libertine, Millet has had sex in sex clubs, parks, against a cinderblock wall, in a workmen's shed, in the office, and, giving new meaning to oral procedures, with her dentist (who declined payment in exchange), with literally thousands of men, though she can remember the names and faces of a paltry forty-nine. The only feature she seems able to describe about these gents is their—*comment dit-on?*—male member. The exception is her husband, the photographer Jacques Henric. They love doing the nasty on bucolic photo shoots with each other or whoever else happens along the sylvan path.

Catherine M. is Kate M.'s worst nightmare—the happily passive female sex object. Indeed, Catherine M. treasures a note from a man who compliments her as "Catherine, who deserves the highest praise for her calmness and availability in every situation."

Some reviewers have not found Catherine M. an appropriate role model for women. "Unlike modern sex-positive heroines like [sex guru and former hooker] Annie Sprinkle," carps erudite reviewer Stacey Richter of *nerve.com* (I honestly couldn't tell if this was a porn or movie site), "the plucky porn star Nina Hartley or even the cartoonishly voracious Samantha of *Sex and the City*, Catherine Millet abdicates all responsibility and sexual choice to her male protectors." Harrumphs Judith Thurman of the *New Yorker*: "There isn't a single reference to AIDS."

"Fragonard with Lorry Boys" is how a more sympathetic *Times Literary Supplement* headline captured the essence of Catherine M.'s attitude toward sexual activity: She is an artist. She has a curious distance from what she describes, and this is the foundation of art. (The *Washington Post*'s Jonathan Yardley noted this distance, too.) Catherine M. writes of one of her fantasies: "I am the guest of a vulgar, fat man—pretending to be my uncle—at a business meal in a private salon in a restaurant." But one pictures a stylized fat man—I'm thinking a red mustachioed Jim Broadbent in *Moulin Rouge*—instead of the sweaty, vulgar fat man of reality.

Catherine M.'s notions about sex are as mundane (the raw material for art is often mundane) as her "borderline frumpy" (*New York Times* description), tweed-suited, fifty-four-year-old self. She recently remarked to the *Times* that "people said that procreation was the point of sex. Today people tend to think that the point of sex is pleasure, orgasm. But, sincerely, I don't think there's any point to sex at all. People think there's some secret they'll discover in the black box of sex, which will help them to live better or make them happy. And, in fact, there's nothing, nothing, nothing there at all."

As a papist, I belong to the Sex Means Something school of thought. Still, given a choice between Millet and Millett, I know whom I prefer. Catherine M. has revoked Kate M.: Whereas Kate M. politicized sex, Catherine M. has de-politicized sex, and I for one utter a heartfelt, Go, girl.

Most of us are capable of picking up academic gibberish and running with it. That's why Millett's ahistorical theories about patriarchy gained currency. While it's easy to embrace half-baked ideas, I suspect most of us aren't really emotionally capable of constant group sex in the *bois*. Catherine M. is also more fun to read, though you may long for a diagram to understand her creative contortions.

~Charlotte Hays

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The Women's Quarterly

AUTUMN 2002 ◆ NO. 33

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THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

Cover drawing and cartoon (above) by Charles Jaffé

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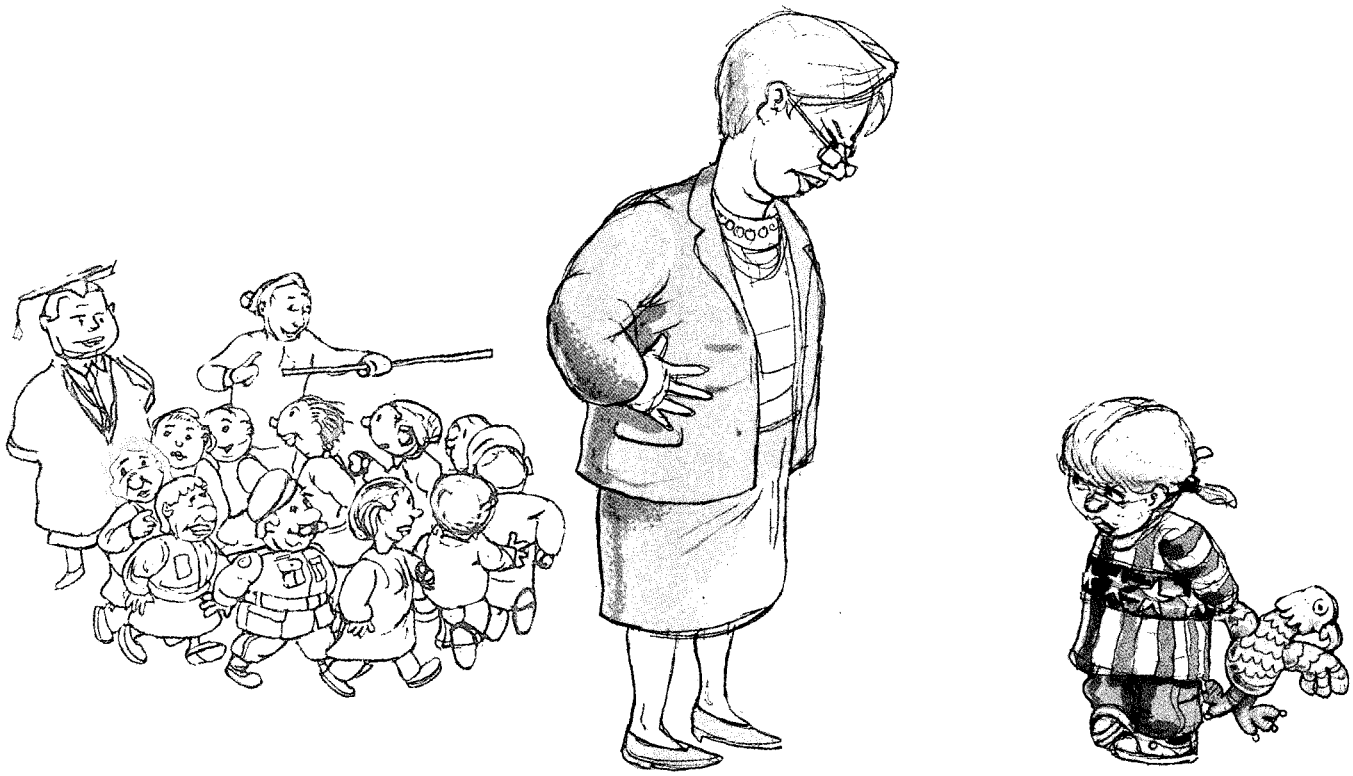
Beware of Big Sister

Charmaine Yoest exposes a troubling treaty with a teflon title. Get ready for more shenanigans at the UN.



An obscure tribunal known as The Committee has urged China and Mexico to decriminalize prostitution, chided the tiny nation of Belarus for reintroducing Mother's Day—the holiday promotes a "sexual stereotype"—prodded the U.K. to begin sex education in primary school, and informed the Irish that "the time had come" to revise their restrictive abortion law.

Although The Committee can express displeasure with any U.S. policy that strikes its fancy, it currently has little impact in this country. But that may soon change. Its mission is to assess the status of women in countries that have ratified the UN's Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination against Women, known as CEDAW. Iraq, Cuba, and other global model citizens have ratified the convention, but the United States hasn't—at least not yet.

Senators Barbara Boxer (D-CA) and Joseph Biden (D-DE), member and chairman respectively of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, are trying to change this. They have held hearings aimed at ratifying the convention. Kofi Annan, secretary-general of the UN, described CEDAW as a "key pillar of international human rights law," which "stands as a milestone" in the quest to define "the universal norms of gender equality." The United States is the only western industrialized democracy that has not ratified.

The pressure to ratify is mounting. Congresswoman Lynne Woolsey (D-CA) alleges that CEDAW opponents simply want women "barefoot and pregnant." The treaty is, in fact, a classic Trojan Horse—it is presented as an elevated document enshrining principles of timeless truth, similar to the Declaration of Independence, but the guts of the document are a utopian wish list: government wage-setting embodied in comparable worth, government-run child care, gender-blind military service, and quota-determined political parity for women.

Stereotyping will be eliminated primarily through "the revision of textbooks and school programs and the adaptation of teaching methods." (No

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maternal images, please.) Indeed, The Committee told Ireland's representatives that their report was "disturbing" because it stated that "child care was primarily the responsibility of parents." Iceland, on the other hand, reassured The Committee that indeed they did require "gender sensitivity training" for "day mothers," the government workers in Iceland's day care and kindergarten for all two- to six-year-olds.

As this is being written, the margin for passage appears quite close. In February of this year, the State Department wrote to Biden and Boxer saying that the treaty is "generally desirable" and that it should be approved. They restated this position in June, just before the hearings on the treaty, but did not send a representative to testify. Apparently, the Justice Department is giving the treaty close examination. Nevertheless, the State Department's website includes information about the treaty under the banner headline, "America's Commitment to Women!"

Biden and Boxer assert that ratification "would not impose a single new requirement in our laws." This might be true. Technically, maybe—in a static, apolitical world. In the real world, the treaty's mandate for viewing anything less than a statistically verifiable equivalence in the home, workplace, and political arena as discrimination, enforced by affirmative action, quotas, and comparable worth formulas is a somewhat pesky detail. Supporters of the treaty respond that "States Parties" to the Convention may ratify with "reservations, understandings, and declarations" which allow them to abstain from provisions that contradict national norms.

This, however, patently ignores Article 28, which states that "a reservation incompatible with the object and purpose of the present Convention shall not be permitted." The description of the legal ramifications of the treaty varies with the audience. Those documents aimed at persuading the uncommitted emphasize the nonbinding nature of the treaty. Articles written for the initiated sound a different note. Witness Annan's "key pillar of international law" description. CEDAW commitments, writes Marilou McPhedran, a lawyer at the International Women's Rights Project, are "legal obligations" that endure even through regime changes. In other words: Signing the treaty might impinge on our national sovereignty.

> Cuba's human rights expert on The Committee could provide oversight of discrimination against American women.

But even beyond questions of legality is this issue of "universal norms." With a concept that aspires to universality in play, echoing moral theorist Alasdair MacIntyre, we have to ask: Whose gender? Which equality? One member of The Committee, legal scholar Savitri Goonesekere, has written in "A Rights-Based Approach to Realizing Gender Equality" that redefining gender equality with the language of human rights elevates their claims "to a level of legal entitlement requiring national and international response. Concerns, when conceived of as claims of human rights, become fundamental, immutable, and priority claims."

Who, then, is doing the defining of these immutable, legal entitlements? The Committee, if you read the fine print. As it turns out, the "experts in human rights," who are given the job of overseeing implementation of the treaty, don't take too kindly to reservations about any aspect of the treaty. And they are not shy about saying so. Their General Recommendation in 1987 stated that The Committee "suggests that all States Parties concerned reconsider such reservations with a view to withdrawing them." At least a third of "States Parties" have lodged reservations, some related to the treaty's provisions on equality in nationality and citizenship, others to family property issues, and many related to the treaty's statements on equality in marriage and family. By 1994, The Committee had become even more assertive, asking states to "indicate the stage that has been reached in the country's progress to removal of all reservations to the Convention." In other words, ratifying with reservations is just a "stage," like adolescence, on the path to "transformation" (a favored word).

In 1992, when CEDAW was previously under consideration in the Senate, the Foreign Relations Committee drew up four reservations for the United States. The first stated that Americans are guaranteed "freedom from governmental interference in private conduct," which the treaty's mandates regarding marriage and family life might infringe. The second rejected the treaty's mandate for equal military service, which would include combat assignments for women. The third rejected comparable worth obligations, and the fourth rejected the mandate for paid maternity leave.

Following ratification, the United States would be required to report to The Committee within a year and every

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four years thereafter, or "whenever the Committee so requests" (Article 18b). In this way Cuba's human rights expert on The Committee could provide oversight of discrimination against American women.

Elite opinion-makers shrug off concerns about The Committee's oversight function as so much hyperbolic hyperventilation. This Gallic sang-froid ignores, again, the record of The Committee's own stated intentions. Speaking to a UNICEF function, the current chairman of The Committee, Charlotte Abaka of Ghana, remarked on "the importance of disseminating the concluding observations of the CEDAW Committee in order to place pressure on States Parties to implement them." This is real-world politics; regardless of The Committee's actual legal power, which is currently debatable, it has immense power in its use of the microphone.

Legal scholars argue that legal enforcement will come, but it is not entirely necessary—there are other tactics. This is underscored by tactician McPhedran who has written about utilizing the "politics of shame." One entirely predictable scenario: "Committee Excoriates United States for Undermining Women's Rights!"

Amnesty International trumpets the vision on its website: "Imagine the many ways women in the United States could use CEDAW to improve women's rights once the U.S. ratifies CEDAW!" The Presbyterian Church (USA) describes CEDAW as a "legal landmark and potent tool for systematically uprooting gender inequality and oppression" and has a whole series of liturgies designed around the convention. A *Ms.* magazine report on CEDAW says, "U.S. advocates see it as a tool for ensuring parity in the workplace, the courts, and other social and economic spheres." And the plans are coming to a neighborhood near you: The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (dedicated to "worldwide sisterhood for peace") includes as part of its Strategic Plan of Action exploring the possibility of creating a CEDAW international law badge for the Girl Scouts.

Optimists appear to assume that the United States would have a representative on The Committee, but this is not a given. Each state presents a nominee and, from this slate of 170, the 23 members are selected in an election held at the United Nations. In addition to such bastions of human rights as China, Egypt, and Nigeria (Saudi Arabia's representative recently rotated off), the current committee includes representatives from St. Kitts and Nevis, a country of 45,000 people, 101 square miles; and Sri Lanka, a country of 19 million people, the precise population of the state of New York.

By comparison, the population of the United States is 281 million. At our own Constitutional Convention, the question of proportional representation was debated extensively and considered so important that our bicameral Congress resulted. In contrast, the micro-political system of The Committee, as delineated in Article 19 of the convention, is uncomplicated and free of accountability. Except for the details on elections and periods of meetings, The Committee is self-governing and can "adopt its own rules of procedure." And although Ecumenical Women 2000, in its "Myths and Realities" report on CEDAW, claims that The Committee "does not issue specific recommendations to individual member countries," some very specific recommendations to individual member countries are readily accessible on the United Nations website, going back through eighteen sessions. For example, on June 14 of this year, The Committee began a session with representatives from Tunisia by chastising them for their country's reservations to the treaty, which related to laws on nationality, choice of residence, and women's equality in marriage, and urged them to address their "patriarchal stereotypes." Tunisian law has a Personal Status Code that identifies the husband as the head of the household, obligating him to provide for his wife and children. The experts then asked if Tunisia would use quotas to increase women's participation in political life. They were, however, pleased with Tunisia's Commission for Monitoring the Image of Women in the Media.

In the same session, representatives of Belgium were chastised for their country's reservations to the treaty, which related to the matrimonial property of rural women, even though their gender policies, which include quotas and affirmative action, were applauded as "exemplary." However, even with quotas, the experts noted that some segments of the Belgian workforce were still dominated by men—legal mechanisms to promote women simply were not enough; they had to show numerical results. "The Convention," one expert urged, "should be a living instrument."

Ironically, a potential representative of the United States might feel right at home on The Committee. Many members are women who hold degrees from prestigious U.S. colleges and universities. Savitri Goonesekere, the representative from Sri Lanka, received postgraduate training in the United States, at Harvard Law School. Another member has an M.Ed. from New York University; another a Ph.D. from Bryn

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Mawr. Despite having benefitted personally from American opportunities, The Committee continues to make sweeping generalizations like the following: "No political system has conferred on women both the right to and the benefit of full and equal participation."

Perhaps "full and equal participation" is defined by The Committee's own model. With a 96 percent female composition—a new Swedish judge became the first man to serve—they are strikingly unhampered by gender diversity. The Committee's aspirations for the political sphere are not quite so ambitious, but they are adamant: full and equal means that "neither sex should constitute less than 40 percent of the members of a public body."

As the co-author of *Au pouvoir, citoyennes!: Liberté, egalité, parité,* the 1992 book that galvanized the French movement toward establishing a system of political *parité*, sociologist Françoise Gaspard is The Committee's spiritual godmother on this issue of gender and political quotas. Since the passage of a law in 1999 that established *parité*, French political parties now must field an equal number of men and women candidates for elections. This concept is enshrined in Article 7, which requires that states parties "shall take all appropriate measures to eliminate discrimination against women in the political and public life of the country."

Gaspard herself has stated that she is not happy with *parité*—she feels it sets the bar too low. Related to her work with CEDAW, Gaspard has declared in speeches that "each government must have a ministry for women's rights." Trend-setting Denmark's 2002 report to The Committee was provided by a representative from Denmark's Ministry for Gender Equality. (The presentation even included a discussion with The Committee of the eating disorders of Danish children.)

But as Belgium's experience illustrates, demonstrating procedural mechanisms will not satisfy The Committee; states must demonstrate numerical equality. According to an Impact Study on the effects of CEDAW, done by the Centre for Feminist Research and the International Women's Rights Project, based at York University in Toronto, the "uniqueness" of the convention is in "its mandate for the achievement of substantive equality for women, which requires not only formal legal equality, but also equality of results in real terms." Hence, The Committee's continued emphasis on the use of "temporary special measures" to achieve gender equality in its instructions to states.

> The American Bar Association is acting as an advocate for the precedence of United Nations law over United States law.

In 1997, The Committee's General Recommendations included a lengthy discussion of their interpretation of political equality. "The critical issue," they argued, "is the gap between the *de jure* and *de facto*, or the right as against the reality . . . ." The problem is "centuries of male domination of the public sphere." The solution is "setting numerical goals and quotas and targeting women for appointment to public positions." This is the only way to achieve "true democracy."

The quotas apply in the workplace as well. Citing the International Labor Organization Convention No. 100, Equal Remuneration for Men and Women Workers for Work of Equal Value, which was passed in 1951 (but also not ratified by the United States), The Committee chided its member states in 1989 to begin adopting "job evaluation systems" that compare male-dominated jobs with female-dominated jobs in order to establish gender equality.

Meanwhile, as the United States Senate considers ratification, other American institutions have charged ahead. The University of Minnesota houses the International Women's Rights Action Watch, an organization that is "a global network of individuals, dedicated to monitoring the implementation of CEDAW." Funded by the Ford, MacArthur, and Carnegie foundations, they publish *Women's Watch*, a newsletter detailing the impact of the treaty worldwide.

Most significant is a massive new project just released from the American Bar Association. The ABA has just released the "CEDAW Assessment Tool," 175 pages plus appendices, funded almost entirely by the United States Agency for International Development, to be used to score countries on their compliance with the treaty. Going through the treaty article by article, the document offers a one to five scale with which to rate both *de jure* and *de facto* compliance in separate categories.

The document is extremely helpful in outlining exactly how the treaty is intended to be used. The ABA has finally provided guidance on the hotly contested issue of how national sovereignty is affected by the treaty. On page

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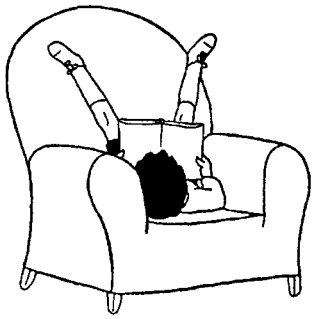
KARLYN BOWMAN'S

Poll-Pourri



Who Reads Anymore?

When the Pew Research Center for the People and the Press asked Americans in April and May whether they had spent any time reading a book the day before, "not including school or work-related books," 34 percent said they had. Among readers, nonfiction was slightly more popular than fiction. Eighteen percent spent an hour or more reading.

Forty-one percent said they had read a daily newspaper yesterday. Only 8 percent of those reported they had devoted an hour or more to it. Young people were more likely to have read a book than a newspaper.

To the Bottom of the Birdcage

Pew's biennial survey of news habits is the most comprehensive that is publicly available. In addition to the data reported above, the new survey found that newspaper reading continues to decline. Forty-one percent in 2002, down from 58 percent in 1994, said they read a newspaper yesterday. The steep decline in regular network evening news viewing appears to have leveled off (from 60 percent in 1993 to 30 percent in 2002). Morning is the most popular time for news (68 percent get their news then). The morning news audience is heavily oriented toward television. Among regular morning viewers, 62 percent of women, compared to 48 percent of men, say it is important for news personalities to be likeable.

Author! Author!

When Gallup asked people in 1990 whether they had read any books by different authors on a long list, 88 percent said they had read something by Mark Twain, and 77 percent Charles Dickens. Sixty-four percent had read a book by Ernest Hemingway. Slightly more than four in ten had read a book by Stephen King, and around a third had read something by James Michener (36 percent), William Faulkner (34 percent), F. Scott Fitzgerald (34 percent), and Danielle Steel (30 percent). Twenty-four percent said they had read something by Herman Melville, and 21 percent Leo Tolstoy.

A Perennial Favorite

In 1954, 92 percent of Americans told Gallup they had a Bible in their homes. In 2000, a virtually identical 93 percent gave that response. Sixty-nine percent in 2000 said they had read the Bible in a twelve-month period, compared to 74 percent who gave that response in 1974.

In 1939, 26 percent told Gallup surveyors that they had read the Bible all the way through. In 1990, the proportion was identical. Thirteen percent in 1978 and 14 percent today say that they read the Bible daily or more than once a day. In 1943, the *Psalms* were the most popular part of the Bible, as they are today. ◆

Karlyn Bowman is a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

80, assessors are instructed to ask, as it relates to Article 2 of the convention: "Is CEDAW directly applied and given effect in courts as part of national law? What training programs exist to educate judges and other legal professionals about CEDAW's precedence over national law?" They are to query what "national machinery" has been established, and what portion of the national budget allocated, for implementing CEDAW.

All protestations to the contrary, this question of national sovereignty related to CEDAW is clearly a live issue: The American Bar Association is acting as an advocate for the precedence of United Nations law over United States law. Its supporters may continue to claim otherwise and pretend the treaty doesn't contradict the Constitution, but the evidence is now in. If ratified, CEDAW would be the new *stare decisis*—the standard that guides American law: Once a court has ruled a certain way, the ruling stands as part of legal precedent.

There is much in the work of The Committee that is commendable: They criticized China for its forced abortion policy; they have challenged many countries to confront the practice of female genital mutilation; and they've emphasized the importance of educating girls worldwide. However, there is still so much obvious, unambiguous suffering and exploitation of women around the world: When little girls are being stolen and sold into sexual slavery, and then dying from AIDS, must we harangue other countries about their marital name-change laws? ◆

Charmaine Yoest is an author and Mellon Fellow at the University of Virginia.

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A Reading List For Every Young Woman

What books should every young woman read? We put this question to a distinguished group of writers and intellectuals. We asked them to name four books they consider essential for the educated woman. If you're curious, Jane Austen won the pageant with the most mentions. Tied for second place: two dead white males, Aristotle and Thucydides. Most surprising book to make the list … *Mommie Dearest.*

ROGER ROSENBLATT

Dear Jane (I'll call you Jane):
You ask me to recommend four books for your college reading list. That's a good number, four. It forces your correspondent to choose works for more than pleasure, or even literary value. I guess it's the old, "What books would you want with you on a desert island?" question, particularly appropriate for college, where life is best when insular. The four I offer you are high on pleasure and literary value. But I believe that they also present several minds worthy of your admiration. If you emerge from college knowing whom to admire, you'll be way ahead of the game. You'll note that of the four I suggest, only one author is a woman; I am only a feminist when it comes to rights.

First, I suggest that you read Boswell's *Life of Johnson.* Boswell himself was an interesting combination of fellows: one corrupt and weak, the other wishing to improve himself by an attachment to a superior person. The man he wrote of, Dr. Johnson, was superior in ways that are deeply moving as well as intellectually impressive. Johnson was poor, and was always on the side of the poor. But he could not tolerate cant about human nature, and he balanced his mind between conservative moderation and liberal impulses (much like our own Constitution). He also feared death so gravely that he could hardly speak of it, which suggests that he appreciated what he could not

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know. He was physically unattractive, too, which put him at a useful distance from the world, and undoubtedly honed his capacity for sympathy. Best of all, he was equally generous and stern, and (thank God) judgmental. You'll like him.

I urge you to read George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda* as well. Others will lead you to *Middlemarch*, and properly; the reason I'd like you to read *Daniel Deronda* is to see how a first-rate writer of fiction, a complete artist, is also capable of living in, and understanding, the world of events. For some reason, for example, Eliot in nineteenth-century England glommed onto the idea of Zionism and the future state of Israel. More generally, you'll appreciate how it is possible to live with one's private emotions and imagery, yet also be aware of greater influences. This, from *DD*: "There comes a terrible moment to many souls when the great movements of the world, the larger destinies of mankind, which have lain aloof in newspapers and other neglected reading, enter like an earthquake into their lives." Any recent terrible moment come to mind?

The greatest war novel ever written is *All Quiet on the Western Front.* I want you to read it even if you already have. People call it an antiwar novel, and, on one level, I suppose it is. But its finer quality lies in the depiction of human helplessness in the face of human impulses—war being the deadliest. There's no better account of the danger of pride or of the pettiness of men at arms. And, of course, it will break your heart.

Finally, *The Great Gatsby.* And before you roll your eyes to heaven, let me assure you that I did the same thing at your age. And yet it is an endlessly rich novel, not just because of the old theme of yearning, but because every character counts. And every character represents a major American type, thus idea. There are no minor characters in *Gatsby. Huckleberry Finn* may be the novel of the discovery of our national soul. But *Gatsby* is about the way we turned out. It really is as good as the people you mistrust say it is.

Well, Jane, that's my list. Enjoy the books, enjoy college, and don't forget to write to your folks. Best, Roger. ◆

Roger Rosenblatt's award-winning essays appear in Time *and the* NewsHour. *He is author of* Coming Apart: A Memoir of the Harvard Wars of 1969 *(Little Brown).*

CAMILLE PAGLIA

1. THUCYDIDES, *The Peloponnesian War* (c. 410 B.C.)

The first work of analytic history in world culture, written by a seasoned soldier and general. In its minute account of the disastrous war with Sparta that would destroy classical Athens, it demonstrates the fundamental principles of diplomacy and military strategy that all ambitious young men and women should study, particularly those who aspire to public office. The most startling revelation of this book is how little the cruel game of politics has changed in 2,500 years.

2. George Eliot, *Middlemarch: A Study of Provincial Life* (1871-72)

An epic novel by one of England's great women writers. With exhaustive detail, it patiently recreates an entire society, showing the webwork of behavior and convention that obstructs and defeats our best intentions. Its perspective is mature and philosophical as it penetrates to the innermost thoughts and emotions of its vividly drawn characters. Eliot observes and dissects social class with scientific neutrality and without the tiresome bombast and outdated formulas of academic Marxism.

3. Denis de Rougemont, *Love in the Western World* (1940; rev. 1956)

A sweeping overview of the idiosyncratic sexual themes and drives in Western culture, tracing the influence of Christian mysticism on the courtly love tradition and showing the ominous intertwining of love and death in our most romantic stories, from *Tristan and Isolde* to *Romeo and Juliet.* Learned and urbane, this elegant book is an excellent example of the old standards in humanities scholarship that were swept away in the past thirty years by poststructuralism and postmodernism, with their contorted jargon and nonsensical theories about sex.

4. Kenneth Clark, *The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form* (1956)

The best introduction by far to representation of the human figure in art. *The Nude* is a beautifully written work of sophisticated connoisseurship that analyzes art in its own terms rather than imposing strident, politicized categories on it. It outlines the major body types, male and female, in Western art and, via a wealth of illustrations, trains the reader's eye to detect and evaluate proportion. This book reveres art—an attitude all too rare at universities these days. Students who read Clark will be safely inoculated against the worst excesses of feminist theory, with its prattle about "objectification" and "the male gaze"—terms cooked up by ideo-

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logues with glaringly little knowledge of or feeling for art. ◆

Camille Paglia, a libertarian feminist, is the author of four books. She is University Professor of Humanities and Media Studies at the University of the Arts in Philadelphia.

ROGER KIMBALL

BEGIN WITH THE FAMILIAR: My first suggestion would be Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, not only because it is one of the most perfect novels ever written, but also because of its abundant wisdom. Some thoughtless people, noting how delightful Jane Austen's novels are, mistakenly conclude that they must therefore be superficial entertainments. They err in believing that what delights cannot also instruct. In fact, Austen's novels—the best of them, anyway—are as deep as anything by Dostoyevsky, just not as gloomy.

Austen had originally intended to call the book *First Impressions*, and one of her major themes is what we might call the ripening of first impressions into considered judgments. Austen is too wise to believe we should dispense with prejudice: "Prejudice," Edmund Burke said, "renders a man's virtue his habit." But Austen also knew that prejudice, lest it degenerate into complacency or worse, must be educated, tested against experience. That is one of the great lessons of *Pride and Prejudice.*

Another lesson has to do with the education of appetite. When Lydia and Wickham elope, Elizabeth sadly reflects on "how little of permanent happiness could belong to a couple who were only brought together because their passions were stronger than their virtue." The right ordering of passion and virtue is a constant theme in Austen's novels. It is also the chief subject of the *Nicomachean Ethics*, Aristotle's magisterial inquiry into the workings of moral life. I offer Aristotle's *Ethics* as my second book, partly because it is a stupendous compendium of insight about the human heart, partly because of its immense influence through the ages, and partly because it is comparatively neglected today.

Aristotle, like Jane Austen, was an antisentimentalist. He was level-headed. He saw things clearly and sought to call them by their right names. "Only a blockhead," he observes, "can fail to realize that our characters are the result of our conduct." And again: "It is our choice of good or evil that determines our character, not our opinion about good or evil." A final example: "We become just by doing just acts, temperate by doing temperate acts, brave by doing brave acts.... In a word, our moral dispositions are formed as a result of the corresponding activities."

At a time when convention is condemned as "inauthentic" and habit is repudiated in favor of novelty, Aristotle's book provides a reliable anchor in prudence and other civilizing virtues. We have been living off the capital of civilization for so long that we naturally forget what herculean efforts had to be mobilized to accumulate that capital in the first place. Aristotle's *Ethics* provides an account of what fully-fledged civilized life looks like; *Physics and Politics*, a short masterpiece by the nineteenth-century English essayist Walter Bagehot (pronounced "badge-it"), provides a sort of natural history of how civilizations developed.

They develop slowly and painfully. That is Bagehot's chief message: That the movement from savagery and barbarism to civilization and the rule of law is nasty, brutish, and long. Being the beneficiaries of millennia of struggle, we are tempted to pretend that the struggle never existed or was somehow incidental to the relative tranquility we now enjoy. Bagehot's unflinching inquiry into the constituents of civilization is a salutary antidote to temptation.

Austen, Aristotle, and Bagehot were realists. So was David Stove (1927-1994), a brilliant but little known Australian philosopher. Almost anything by Stove could be read with immense profit. His most important work concerned irrationalism in the philosophy of science, that benighted swamp of confusion popularized by covert irrationalists like Karl Popper and Thomas "Mr. Paradigm Change" Kuhn. But Stove was also an occasional essayist of scintillating power and insight. And my fourth suggestion is his long essay "The Intellectual Capacity of Women" (available in my anthology of Stove's writings, *Against the Idols of the Age*).

I have noted with some amusement that even the title of Stove's essay on women tends to elicit a frisson of anxiety. "He is not going to...He wouldn't dare...You don't mean to say that he actually argues.... " Well, yes. "I believe," Stove writes in his first sentence, "that the intellectual capacity of women is on the whole inferior to that of men." He offers as his main reason for this belief the uncomfortable observation that "the intellectual performance of women is inferior to men." In other

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words, he explains, it is the same sort of reasoning as that which convinces us that "Fords are on the whole inferior to Mercedes; or as that which convinces dog-fanciers that Irish setters are not as smart as labradors; or as that which convinces everyone that the intellectual capacity of seven-year-old children is on the whole inferior to that of nine-year-olds. They do not do as well, and we infer from this that they cannot do as well." Of course, this is not, Stove readily acknowledges, proof: "performance is no infallible guide to capacity." Still, "it is, in the end, the only guide we have or can have."

Is Stove right? I really don't know. Would it matter if he were? Probably not. But at a moment when young women are surrounded by a chorus of feminist claptrap, how refreshing it would be to entertain, if but momentarily, a contrary opinion that, even if mistaken, is carefully argued, wittily expressed, and genuinely provocative. Jane Austen would doubtless have raised an eyebrow if confronted with David Stove's essay. But I suspect she would also have been amused. She might have penned a compelling reply. One thing we can be sure of is that she would not have started whining about misogyny and the depredations of patriarchy. ◆

New Criterion *Managing Editor Roger Kimball is author of* Lives of the Mind: The Use and Abuse of Intelligence from Hegel to Wodehouse *(Ivan R. Dee).*

MARY LEFKOWITZ

THE BOOKS I HOPE young women would read are the same books I would hope young men would read, and the same books I hope every thinking person would read. The main problems we all must face come not from being male or female, or young or old, or black or white, etc., but from being human, and it is a pity that these days we are more preoccupied with our differences than with what we have in common. What we have in common is mortality (perhaps the biggest problem of all), not only our own mortality, but that of those we love. It seems also that war has been, always been, central to human existence, and it has never been a good or happy solution, even though it can bring out the best, as well as the worst in human beings. So I'd recommend *The Iliad*, *The Odyssey*, Thucydides' *Peloponnesian War*, and the *Aeneid*. I'd throw in some Greek dramas too if I had a fifth choice. It's not (since I'm a classicist) that these are the only books I've read. It's just that these are the books that I loved when I first read them and that I've turned to constantly during my life, especially in difficult times. And what other kinds of times are there? ◆

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JAMES BOWMAN

MY RECOMMENDATION to any young woman would be to fortify herself against the impending and inevitable assault upon the "patriarchy"—which is the feminist word for life as we have known it for as far back as anyone can trace—by looking at four nineteenth- and early twentieth-century English novels (always to be preferred to novels in translation if only because you want to get the period flavor of the language as well as the social background), in which strong women show that life under the old dispensation is rather poorly accounted for in terms of men's "oppression" of women.

Not, of course, that it cannot be so accounted for. The beauty of "gender studies" as of other forms of neo-Marxism as a way of looking at the world is that everything can be made to fit the prescribed pattern. But the reader who encounters at an impressionable stage Anne Elliot in Jane Austen's *Persuasion*, or Becky Sharp in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, or Lilly Dale in Trollope's *Small House at Allington*, or Sophia Baines in Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale*—to name just the first four out of a whole galaxy of possibilities that come to mind—will have a much harder time keeping her focus on women as mere victims of the male social hegemony in those benighted times.

For these feminine "role-models" are all at least as much the victims of men and of social forces as today's career women who are sexually harassed or encounter glass ceilings or are not given enough maternity leave, but none wastes her life supposing that some political magic solution would bring (or, worse, would have brought) all her troubles to an end.

Anne Elliot, for instance, must face the consequences in her extended spinsterdom of an excessive prudence in her youth (not a common dilemma!) in rejecting the man she loved. Becky Sharp copes with the social disadvantage of being poor and orphaned by hardening herself to make use of her wit and beauty without love—and without scruple. Lilly Dale gives her heart as only a woman can give it who knows that the marriage vows mean what they say and then is thrown over for another. Sophia Baines marries a worthless wastrel for love and, when he leaves her, grimly sets out with habits of thrift

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and industry and strong-minded independence, learned in provincial England, to get through life during the siege of Paris and the Commune and, alone in a foreign land, to become a successful businesswoman.

It is impossible not to love and admire these four women, even when (as in Becky's case) you would be chary of making their acquaintance in real life. One comes to the end of each of the four novels with a sense of having been privileged to witness a life well and bravely lived. And there is nothing like that spectacle to make all the talk of "patriarchy" and "empowerment" seem not so much wrong as irrelevant. Sure, you could see the world in that way if you wanted to, but why would you want to with such models of human (and feminine) nobility and goodness before you? ◆

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JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

WITHOUT SOME SENSE of the past, we stumble into the future. The past provides a frame of reference, a horizon against which we measure our own thoughts. It makes a huge difference, therefore, whether we are engaging giants or gnats. The giants goad and challenge us, force us out of ourselves, compel us to go beyond ourselves. So, four books—actually, I had to stretch it to five—that do that and that every educated young woman should read are:

St. Augustine, *The Confessions.* This giant of the West seems so much our contemporary. He tells us that he knows he exists because he is capable of doubt. He has "become a question to myself." As we like to say, we can relate to that! But Augustine instructs because he does not spin inward; he refuses the blandishments of narcissism. His confession is also a brilliant, even breath-taking profession of belief. The chapters on time and memory have challenged serious thinkers ever since and these alone are worth the price of admission.

Martin Luther, *The Freedom of the Christian.* In one of the great texts of the Reformation, Luther helps to define the paradoxes of human freedom cast against a horizon of belief. The Christian, he tells us, is both free and a servant, bidden to love God and serve her neighbor. This freedom is not the often rootless, boundaryless freedom of so much modern conceit, but a far more complex and ambiguous freedom because we are not free from conjuring with freedom itself. When our freedom is untethered to wider meaning and purpose, we tend to flail about, experiment in extreme and often destructive ways. So much contemporary musing about freedom is so thin. Luther helps to thicken things up.

Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America.* Every American citizen should read this one. Tocqueville's masterwork is a tour de force that helps one to understand America's greatness and energy and America's tragedies, including the tragedy of race. As with any great thinker, Tocqueville shows there is no easy way either to understand America or, indeed, to be an American. Our freedom sends our bodies and minds exploring, we thirst for equality and adventure. But this freedom invites what Tocqueville calls "democratic despotism" as we cast off all the ties that bind. Finding ourselves in a kind of isolating and existential aloneness, we are more rather than less likely to fall in with the "tyranny of the majority." A bracing and difficult work. One learns from Tocqueville that democratic citizenship is not for sissies.

Albert Camus, *The Rebel.* This is Camus' great essay on the revolutionary temptation, by which he means the tendency for rebellion of the sort that affirms human solidarity to slide over into totalitarian revolution that denies and destroys that solidarity. The revolutionist succumbs to the chialist temptation, presuming he can bring heaven down to earth. In the process he creates hell as everything that stands in his way must be eliminated. A brilliant warning about ideologies, those that tormented the twentieth century and those that might torment us yet.

Jane Addams, *Twenty Years at Hull-House.* One of the great American autobiographies, Addams' is as much the story of an extraordinary institution—the settlement house known as Hull-House—as it is Addams' own. This volume shows what a life of moral purpose and earnestness can yield, even in a time and place when young women lacked the vote. This did not prevent Jane Addams and her colleagues from becoming public women in the full-fledged civic sense. They concentrated not on what they were denied but on what they were called upon to do. Hers is also a story of an America confident in her purpose without being chauvinistic and

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capable of welcoming and incorporating a greater wave of immigration than any the world has ever known. Those of us with immigrant grandparents have much to be grateful for. ◆

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JEAN YARBROUGH

MANY OF THE BOOKS on my list are probably best read in courses, where students can get some guidance making their way through the complicated arguments as well as feedback from what will inevitably be the animated class discussions.

Start with Aristotle's *Politics,* a storehouse of political wisdom. It is rough going for women, for right off the bat Aristotle says that women and men are not by nature equal. As I say to my students, Aristotle makes a terrible first impression and if he were a blind date, there would probably not be a second. But this is a mistake. Women need to read and understand serious arguments that they don't agree with or like. And working your way carefully through Aristotle pays off handsomely in the cultivation of practical wisdom and moderation.

Rousseau's *Emile* is another work that women should read because Rousseau really creates the modern notion of romantic love. Many women are still drawn to this idea—or at least parts of it. Reading Rousseau carefully will help them better understand what romantic love entails and decide for themselves how compelling a vision it presents. Do they like Sophie? Are they looking for Emile? What are the attractions? The drawbacks?

For Jews and Christians alike, I think *Genesis* is especially worth reading, and there are no finer commentaries on *Genesis* than those by Leon Kass. For any woman looking for a genuinely philosophic and at the same time respectful treatment of biblical morality and of the relations between men and women, *Genesis,* with interpretative essays by Leon Kass, is a must. And on the subject of marriage, my students have found C.S. Lewis' discussion of "Christian Marriage" in *Mere Christianity* most provocative.

I'd also recommend David Hume's short and charming essay *Of the Study of History,* where Hume, speaking directly to female readers, argues that history can teach them important truths about the human condition that novels and romances tend to obscure. Read it, and learn!

Still, novels have their place, and I'd happily recommend any and all of the novels of Jane Austen—a perfect antidote to our unbuttoned age. And if the young women are of the marrying disposition, they might want to pick up a copy of Leon and Amy Kass' *Wing to Wing, Oar to Oar,* to learn more about courtship and love from the masters. And of course, there is Shakespeare, who imagined so many different kinds of loves and the difficulties and delights they bring.

And finally, if they wish to take Hume's advice, there are the speeches of Abraham Lincoln, who can teach our young readers about the moral virtues of prudence, moderation, and magnanimity, all served up with suitable wit, and just about anything by or about Churchill. At present, I am reading Geoffrey Best's *Churchill: A Study in Greatness* and would warmly recommend that. ◆

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CULLEN MURPHY

I WAS FOLLOWED into the world by seven siblings. Because the three closest in age to me were sisters, I acquired an intimate view of certain kinds of female reading habits at a very early age. Indisputably, just as there are chick flicks there are gal books. Even as a youngster I understood that dipping into the occasional Laura Ingalls Wilder or Judy Blume, though perhaps unrewarding on the merits, was an act of considerable anthropological utility.

It is important for men and women to have a sense of the literature, whether juvenile or mature, that exists more or

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less exclusively for enjoyment by the other sex. So any mandatory reading list for young women should include at least one quintessential guy book. The one I'd recommend is *The Natural Man*, by Ed McClanahan. No guy I know has failed to find this coming-of-age tale, with its bawdy vernacular, a tour de force of comic insight into the adolescent male condition. It would be helpful for women to understand this, if only as a warning.

Does anyone dispute the importance of positive role models? There is by now a capacious amount of updated role-model literature for young women, much of it mediocre and some of it appalling. A second book to include on the reading list would be *Hildegard of Bingen*, by Fiona Maddocks. Hildegard (1098-1179) won't be a role model for most modern young women in any literal sense (she was a nun), but she deserves some sort of transcendent role-model status. Known mostly for her music, Hildegard possessed one of the most widely creative minds and forceful characters of her age—imagine a combination of Jeane Kirkpatrick, Hannah Arendt, Madame Curie, Margaret Thatcher, and Joni Mitchell.

A role model of a different sort, and of value for fostering the virtue of negative inducement, is the actress Joan Crawford, memorialized in her daughter Christina's *Mommie Dearest*, a third suggestion for the list. Every reader will have her own most memorable moment—is it the scissors-and-the-yellow-dress scene? the Bon-Ami-scouring-powder-in-the-bathroom episode? the reading of the will? Bookshelves today sag with manuals about mothering in general, and about combining motherhood and career in particular. *Mommie Dearest* provides no practical advice at all, but it will leave the young reader with a powerful emotional resolve: "Dear God, whatever I do, don't let me be like her."

Into the basket I would also throw a copy of the Chinese classic *The Art of War*, written more than 2,000 years ago by the master strategist Sun Tzu. Thumbing recently through the index of my Oxford paperback edition—"Envoys, duplicity of"; "Maneuvre, pre-battle"; "Secret operations, delicacy of"; "Sieges, when not to undertake"; "Terrain, dangerous types of"—I realized that this was probably a dating manual that had somehow fallen into military hands. Whatever the truth, its advice is broadly applicable by anyone to almost all spheres of life.

Finally, there should be something from the Bible. Angry feminists would likely recommend the *Book of Deuteronomy*, always cited as one of the ur-texts of patriarchal oppression. But I would favor the *Song of Songs*, with its incomparable poetic evocation of mutual love, two-thirds of its verses written in the female voice. Some scholars have even suggested that the *Song of Songs* was composed in part by a woman. Who knows? But it is highly charged stuff—and for that reason was the most frequently copied book of the Bible by medieval scribes.

As Hildegard of Bingen could have told you. ◆

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CHARLOTTE ALLEN

1. *Pride and Prejudice*, by Jane Austen (1813). I know, I know, "everyone" recommends this one, Austen's most popular novel. In this case, "everyone" happens to be right, for in it Austen created two of the most engaging young people known to fiction: smart, pretty, genteel-poor Elizabeth Bennet, and filthy-rich, handsome, insufferable Fitzwilliam Darcy (if his last name rings a bell from last year's film version of *Bridget Jones's Diary*, that's because the movie's plot was stolen from Austen's novel). Elizabeth and Darcy struggle with their pride, and with their prejudice against each other's social position, then discover each other's virtues of generosity, honor, and high spirits. What could be more satisfying, both as a read and as a lesson in how to pick a

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mate? On top of it all, with *Pride and Prejudice* and its 1811 predecessor, *Sense and Sensibility* (almost as good), Jane Austen invented the novel as we now know it. Before Austen, novels were either rambling guy-sagas or sentimental weepers. Austen gave fiction structure, sophistication, and emotional maturity—not bad for a parson's spinster daughter. *Pride and Prejudice* also contains one of the most famous opening lines in the history of the literature: "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife." How can you not read on?

2. *Carmina*, by Quintus Horatius Flaccus (23 B.C.). You know him as Horace, the greatest of the Latin lyric poets, and the *Carmina* are also known in English as his "Odes." Horace wrote two thousand years ago, but these short poems, models of literary economy, resonate now more than ever, with their themes of life's brevity and of the perennial human need for beauty, meaning, and love. The *Carmina* are best read in Latin—a language that every college student should master, not just because it is the baseline language of our Western civilization, but because it is beautiful. No translation can quite capture the melodiousness and haunting sadness of lines like these: *Tu ne quaesieris—scire nefas—quem mihi, quem tibi / finem di dederint, Leuconoë* (Do not ask—it is wrong to know—what end the gods have ordained for me and for you, my Leuconoe). Words to ponder hard after September 11, 2001. If you must read Horace in English, I recommend David Ferry's *The Odes of Horace* (1998), which includes the Latin on facing pages.

3. *The Tempest*, by William Shakespeare (1611). Just before he retired from the theater, the Bard wrote his last great play, *The Tempest*, set in, of all places, America—or rather, the America that most Englishmen of his time imagined, an offshore Caribbean island. Neither a tragedy nor a comedy, *The Tempest* is a play, therefore, that every American and especially every American college student should read, for its most famous line is "O brave new world!" and its theme is about making fresh starts in a brave new world of new experiences. (Another famous phrase that Shakespeare coined in the play is "sea change.") The hero, Prospero, was duke of Milan in the Old World, but now, marooned in the New after a failed assassination by his own brother, he's forced literally to survive by his wits, as a sorcerer, with the spirit Ariel as his incorporeal retainer. Prospero's lovely daughter, Miranda, who has never seen a young man before, has to learn how to distinguish courtship from seduction when a handsome prince is shipwrecked on the island in the title's "tempest." A hefty dose of realism tempers the magic and the optimism; the savages aren't noble (think Caliban), and Prospero's murderous brother washes up on the island. Shakespeare understood astutely that the human heart can be so malign as nearly to defy human forgiveness—a useful lesson for a country with a war on.

4. *The Essential Handbook of Victorian Etiquette*, by Thomas E. Hill, edited by William P. Yenne (1994). Treating other people courteously is as essential to civilized life as Horace, Shakespeare, and Jane Austen. I'd recommend anything by Judith Martin (the syndicated "Miss Manners"), but her books are long, and this one, a distillation of the late-nineteenth-century etiquette manuals of Thomas Hill (1832-1915) is only 127 pages. Hill was the Lord Chesterfield of upwardly mobile Americans in his time, and his topics ranged from conversation ("do not make a parade of being acquainted with distinguished or wealthy people") to the table ("all unusual noises when eating should be avoided") to wooing ("a lady is not obliged to invite her escort to enter the house when he accompanies her home"). Naturally, you will have to correct some of Hill's advice to account for changed times (unescorted females don't have to enter hotel dining rooms by the "ladies' entrance" anymore), but overall, his counsel will save you from boorishness and snobbishness and show you how to be firm about unwanted advances beforehand so you won't have to sue for harassment later. Hill also firmly believed that no woman should have to settle for a jerk: "Unmarried ladies of mature years are proverbially among the most intelligent, accomplished, and independent to be found in society." ◆

Charlotte Allen is author of The Human Christ: The Search for the Historical Jesus *(Free Press).*

NAT HENTOFF

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland.* How to see through the looking glass at people for whom words mean only what they choose them to mean—and the ever contemporary Red Queen's in-

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sistence: "Verdict first, trial afterwards."

Arthur Koestler, *Darkness at Noon.* A reality novel on the essence of Stalinism but also sempiternally contemporary in its focus on how dishonest means corrupt all ends, even the intentionally noble ones (*e.g.*, getting campaign finance reform by punishing anonymous speech).

Mark Twain, *Huckleberry Finn.* The most American of all novels, in its true, unsentimental diversity of characters and its transcendence of race through elemental humanity.

Charles Dickens, *Bleak House.* Down Alice's rabbit hole of justice through serpentine court systems.

W.H. Auden, *Collected Poems.* Unblinking wisdom, wit, and vulnerability. And a prescient perception of John Ashcroft: "Others say, Law is our Fate;/ Others say, Law is our State/ Others say, others say/ Law is no more/ Law has gone away."

Ralph Ellison, *Living with Music.* The life force of jazz reverberating through his experiential, confident definition of Americanism. ◆

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CLAUDIA WINKLER

College reading should unsettle childish assumptions. In their place, it should leave a deepening awareness of the vast cross-generational conversation of culture in which those who read are privileged to take part. It should open the student to unknown or underappreciated aspects of reality, and to disciplines useful for exploring reality. The purpose of the exercise is not mere accumulation or intellectual display but wisdom for life.

On that theory, four short books come to mind, accessible to a young woman of 2002, whether literary or science-minded, and apt to invite reflection along useful avenues:

For light on the choices that confront her as a woman—whether to marry; whether to have children; how to rear them—Linda J. Waite and Maggie Gallagher's *The Case for Marriage: Why Married People Are Happier, Healthier, and Better Off Financially.* As an empirical, demographic study, this has the advantage of cutting through

the ideological chaos left behind by decades of liberation and its aftermath and clearing a space where readers of various starting assumptions can meet. It is a fine introduction to social science—and to the universality of marriage as a social institution—but also a well-turned argument for "rooted relationships" as those in which adults as well as children flourish.

To help rescue her pride in America from those who teach that all its saints are plaster, Richard Brookhiser's *Founding Father: Rediscovering George Washington.* This "moral biography" brings alive the role of character in leadership, and the role of leadership in great historical accomplishments, to wit, the forging of the world's first constitutional democracy. It will call our student's attention to some unfashionable virtues—reticence, civility, martial valor, constancy—along with the limitations of a Virginia planter who only in death finally reconciled his actions with his often-expressed repugnance at slavery. And it will cause her to consider the paradox of a nonintellectual who staked his life on ideas—for the blessing, he said, of "millions yet unborn," including us here and now.

To expand her acquaintance with the high achievements of a non-Western civilization and help equip her to think about the post-September 11 challenges facing her generation, Bernard Lewis' *What Went Wrong? Western Impact and Middle Eastern Response.* Here is connoisseurship at its most attractive: a handsome example of erudition brought to bear on a contemporary problem, and the tactful handling of inflammatory subject matter. That these intellectual graces are compatible with the author's energetic political engagement—he argues publicly for a U.S.-led regime change in Iraq—should not be lost on our student.

To address her spiritual thirst, and demonstrate indelibly that there's more in heaven and earth than they told her in high school, a work by a usually slighted American genius, *Charity and Its Fruits: Christian Love as Manifested in the Heart and Life*, by Jonathan Edwards. What better solvent for preconceived notions than this collection of crystalline sermons by the chief of Puritans? Whatever our student's religious background, Edwards will enlarge her understanding of eighteenth-century New England, and enlarge her understanding of love—which, as he notes, is "the great and essential thing." ◆

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A Little Swing Music

Are "Office Park Dads" for real? *Karlyn Bowman* introduces us to the latest voting blocks a pol must reach to win.

I BLAME IT ALL on my colleague and friend at the American Enterprise Institute (AEI), Ben Wattenberg. In 1970, he and Richard Scammon published *The Real Majority*, a book that quickly became a classic in psephology. In it, they identified the "Dayton housewife" and her concerns about social issues as the key to understanding the American electorate and winning elections. In virtually every election since, one group or another has been described as the key to victory. In 1972, "young voters" captured the media's attention, even though nearly 60 percent of the population was over the age of thirty. And 1976 was dubbed the year of the "evangelical voter" (around 40 percent of Americans described themselves as born again and a small number of them were becoming very active politically).

In 1984, "Yuppies" enjoyed the electoral spotlight, although young upwardly mobile professionals represented only a tiny fraction of voters. In 1990, for the first time, more than half of all voters resided in suburbs (up from a quarter in 1950). Winning the hearts of "suburban voters" became the key to winning elections.

The year 1992, a year that saw a record number of women run and win in the House and Senate, was dubbed the Year of the Woman. Far less attention was paid to the results in 1994, perhaps because a majority of the new women elected to the House were Republicans. The "Angry White Male" made his appearance that year, when Republicans took control of the House for the first time in forty years, although there was scant polling evidence to support that characterization. Then 1996 brought us "Soccer Moms," a clever catch phrase that basically described suburban women with kids. Democratic pollster Celinda Lake put "Waitress Moms" on the map in 1998. Another analyst nominated "Technician Dads" and still another "Minivan Moms." In 2000, we were told that computer-savvy "Wired Workers" were the key.

Earlier this year, Democratic pollster Mark Penn offered us "Office Park Dads" and Celinda Lake countered with "NASCAR men." Office Park Dads (who work in nondescript office complexes in the suburbs) represent about 15 percent of the electorate. They range in age from twenty-five to fifty, and most consider themselves to be politically independent. Significantly, they broke for Bush late in the 2000 election. NASCAR men (who have watched a NASCAR race in the past year) are a larger group (48 percent of all men). Like most men, they lean slightly more toward the GOP. They are middle class and have lower levels of formal education. Both groups highlight the Democrats' worries about how men will vote this fall.

As this is being written, women hold thirteen seats in the Senate and fifty-nine in the House of Representatives (13.5 percent of that body). Female representation in both bodies is at an all-time high. A decade ago, after the 1992 election, women held six seats in the Senate and forty-eight in the House. Of the country's 7,424 state legislative seats, 22 percent are held by women. Republican women hold forty-one state elective offices, and Democrats, forty-three.

Women are making slow, steady

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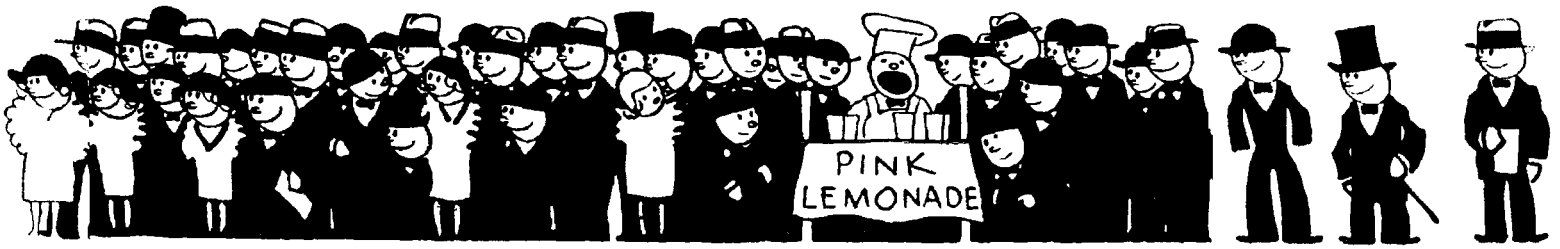
gains in elective office, a fact that is often overlooked by many feminists who seem to believe that parity with men can be achieved overnight. Perhaps more important than the actual number of elected officeholders are the success rates for men and women candidates. They are virtually identical. A comprehensive study of the actual elec-



toral experiences of male and female candidates in elections for state legislatures in 1986, 1988, 1990, and 1992 and for U.S. Congress and governor from 1972-1992 makes the point. The study's massive database (more than 50,000 major party candidates) was constructed by Jody Newman for the National Women's Political Caucus. Newman found that when women run, they win just as often as men, at all levels of government and in all types of contests (contests where an incumbent is running and contests where the seat is open).

For *TWQ*, we replicated Newman's analysis for Senate, House, and gubernatorial contests in 2000. The analysis was done by AEI intern and budding psephologist Jennifer Benz, and it confirms Newman's central premise. In 2000, women who ran were just as successful as men. The sample size for Senate and gubernatorial contests is admittedly small, and therefore, our analysis does not have the statistical strength or depth of Newman's study. But in House races, where we have a larger number of races from which to draw conclusions, the overall success rate for women was 47 percent; for men, it was 53 percent. The key, as Newman said in her path-breaking study, is getting more women to run.

As this is being written, some primaries have not taken place. But it is safe to say that many women are running, and that their candidacies are being taken seriously. We also know from Federal Election Commission filings that money won't be a problem for women in competitive races. At the start of the 2002 political season, women were running in more than half of the governors' contests. Julia Beien, another able AEI intern, surveyed the field and found that more than half of these women had already held statewide elective office or other high nonelective posts. Most of the female Senate candidates have sought and won lower level posts in their respective states. Women are stepping up the electoral ladder in time-honored fashion. One of the Senate contestants, Elizabeth Dole, has already run for president. Today polls show that only a small proportion of Americans (7 percent) say they would vote against a qualified woman for president. That's a big change from 1937, when Gallup first asked that question, and 64 percent said they wouldn't pull the lever for a qualified woman.

Most House members who seek reelection are victorious. In the last off-year election in 1998, 98.3 percent of the ones who sought their old jobs won them back. In no election in the twentieth century have more than 14 percent of House seats changed hands, according to the new edition of AEI's *Vital Statistics on Congress*. So women's progress will continue to be slow because the mostly male members continue to be reelected. Even if women don't make sharp gains in 2002, their representation will continue to grow over time.

If past performance is a guide, more women than men will vote this November. Neither group forms a monolithic bloc, of course, but women are besting men in registering and voting. In 1980, for the first time, the proportion of women who voted was higher than the proportion of men who voted. Since that time, in every election except 1982, women have outnumbered men in the voting booths. In 2000, for example, according to the Census Bureau, 7.9 million more women than men voted. Fewer people vote in off-year elections, and in the last one in 1998, women voters outnumbered male ones by 4.3 million.

THESE HARD NUMBERS are one reason why "the women's vote" has received so much attention. Another reason is that women and men are voting differently, a development we saw for the first time in the modern political era in the 1980 election. Novelty, in politics as elsewhere, gets media attention, and the gender gap was new in 1980. Lots of people

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The other side of the gender gap story is that men lean toward the GOP. This explains the Democrats' interest in NASCAR men.

claim to have coined the term "gender gap." I credit the work done by the late Richard Beal, an associate of Richard Wirthlin, who polled for Governor and President Reagan. The Wirthlin team started tracking and categorizing the political views of men and women in the 1970s when they noticed some interesting differences in their opinions. In the early days of the Reagan administration, the team provided the results of over 20,000 interviews to the White House Office of Planning and Evaluation for gender gap analysis. Before this, political scientists hadn't paid much attention to women's voting preferences as they usually looked similar to men's. The 1980 election was a wake-up call. With more women in the media eager to cover the story, the gender gap got lots of ink.

A GREAT DEAL of the coverage since 1980 has emphasized women's growing preference for Democrats. But the *other* side of the story, men's leanings toward the GOP, is equally important. The Democrats' problems with men are as significant. In recent elections, men have been the more volatile voters, moving back and forth between the Democratic and the Republican candidates. This explains the Democrats' interest this year in Office Park Dads and NASCAR men.

Gender differences are now a permanent feature of our politics. But the gender gap is certainly not the largest gap in our politics. The differences between married and single voters, for example, are larger. And there is a chasm in the political preferences of blacks and whites. But the gender gap is real, and it is consistent across groups. Women with a high school education are more Democratic than men with the same level of education. So, too, are women with a college degree. Looked at the other way, men with high school and college degrees are more Republican than similarly educated women. Young men are more Republican than young women. Older men are more Republican than older women and so on.

It is not clear that the gender gap is wider than in the recent past. Nor does the size of the gap foretell election results. Ronald Reagan won the 1980 presidential election with the same size gender gap that we had in 1996, when Bob Dole lost. After September 11, however, something unusual happened. The gender gap in President Bush's ratings virtually disappeared. In September 2002, for example, there was no gender gap in Gallup's presidential job approval rating: 68 percent of men and 65 percent of women approved of the job that he was doing. Before the terrorist attacks, men were more likely to approve of Bush than women.

George Bush's presidential rating, as my colleague at AEI William Schneider suggests, may be "above politics." When you look at survey questions that ask people whether they plan to vote for a Republican or a Democratic congressional candidate this fall, the gender gap reappears. In first quarter polling by Ipsos Reid and the Cook Political Report, 45 percent of women who indicated they were registered to vote said they planned to vote for the Democratic candidate in the fall elections, and 39 percent for the Republican one. Men were a mirror image: 48 percent said they would pull the lever for the GOP candidate, and 37 percent for the Democrat. In the second quarter, 43 percent of registered women said they planned to vote for a Democrat and 40 percent for a Republican. Among men, the gap was larger: 49 percent indicated they would vote for the Republican in their district and just 35 percent for the Democrat. In the first and second quarters, married and unmarried voters were mirror images of one another, too. In the second quarter, 48 percent of married voters indicated that they planned to vote for the Republican candidate and 35 percent for the Democrat. Among those who were unmarried, 39 percent said they would vote for the Republican compared to 46 percent who plan to vote Democratic.

Given the closeness of the polls thus far this year, it would have been foolhardy to try to predict the outcome of November's election. The country is evenly divided. The values issues that Wattenberg and Scammon identified thirty years ago are still a crucial key to winning elections. And women, like the middle-class, middle-aged, middle-income Dayton housewife, will continue to be one of the many groups political strategists woo to push them over the top. ◆

Karlyn Bowman is a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute. She thanks Todd Weiner, Jennifer Benz, and Julia Beien for their many contributions to this article.

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The Token Man

It's So Unfair!

Christopher Caldwell on socialist expectations in a capitalist economy

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD is full of college-educated professionals who in the 1990s saw their net worth multiply because they knuckled down and embraced the American ethic of, well, of just continuing to breathe. It's the same story as everywhere: Real estate prices doubled, allowing people to borrow money against their homes and plough it into stocks appreciating at 20 percent a year. By 1999, our neighbor Cathy would let drop, with all the nonchalance at her disposal, "Oh, Bruce and I will be renting Prince Edward Island for the month of August. It's really quite affordable."

I exaggerate only mildly. Cathy and Bruce supplemented their investment income by working—she selling insurance, he as a lawyer. This allowed them to rent and buy an astonishing quantity of people and things. Chandra, the fat Sri Lankan nanny who tended their only son, five-year-old Trevor, was a wonder—not for her personality (she was sour), nor for her charm (she spoke no English), but for sheer endurance. As Cathy says, "She's a lifesaver." How else could Cathy work until 9 p.m. at a job that, stripped of its status as a badge of feminist virtue, would appear to most people as drudgery?

At 7:30 in the morning, you'd see Chandra panting her way up the hill to the park, in Reeboks and a sari, while Trevor labored alongside with an armful of American kid-appurtenances: Supersoaker squirt guns, rollerblades he was too young to use, a Tonka truck for the sandbox, a Rugrats figurine, and a gallon bottle of Coke, meant to occupy him all morning while Chandra lounged on a nearby bench, gnawing sunflower seeds and yapping with a dozen fellow nannies from Sri Lanka. And it was often after dark when the two of them straggled down the hill to await Bruce and Cathy's return home. Chandra was the Lou Gehrig of nannies, and who are we to blame her if she owed her endurance to a policy of sitting on her ass all day, gossiping in Sinhala, while Trevor lacerated himself on rusty playground equipment and got pummeled by bullies?

Now, with the stock market *en pleine dégringolade*, Cathy is singing a different tune, the one you've hummed along to in countless newspaper articles: "This is so unfair! We were just getting in a position where we could buy Prince Edward Island! It's so unfair! What am I supposed to do? I mean, I'm thirty-nine years old! Bruce and I were about to retire!" Someone, it appears, is going to have to pay the fiddler for the "excesses" of the 1990s. But Cathy will be goddamned if it's gonna be her.

This summer Bruce and Cathy put their house on the market for a million dollars. It may shock the reader to hear the house is not worth a million dollars. It is a $175,000 two-bedroom Cape, onto which Cathy and Bruce added two extra floors and four extra bedrooms. Those bedrooms, while not obvious desiderata for a family of three, should bring the asking price up to half a million dollars. But what of the other half mil? Well, just add up the appliances, brand new in 1998, and Cathy and Bruce probably paid that much for them. There's a gas grill that costs as much as a Mercedes ("Grill conveys," reads a taped-on sign) and a Sub-Zero freezer with appliances that match it perfectly. ("Freezer conveys." "Toaster conveys." "Juicer conveys.") And much more. It's a half-million-dollar house and a half-million-dollar yard sale.

The price tag has nothing to do with appraisals, of course, and everything to do with what Bruce and Cathy see as justice. They expect to live as secure as socialists in an economy that has enriched them as capitalists. They do not believe in the Law of Supply and Demand. They believe in the Divine Right of Real Estate and Stock Appreciation. In their self-righteous cupidity they take *Ecclesiastes* 11:1 ("Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days") not as a moral precept but as an investment strategy, a long-winded way of saying that some sap will always have a duty to "make you whole."

Bruce and Cathy will be sincerely indignant when the real estate market tells them that they're not "worth" a million dollars. It wouldn't console them, either, if they ever figured out—which they won't— that the gewgaws they're having so much trouble unloading were paid for in part by other people. By their son, to start with. ◆

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O, How I Love You, Oprah

Oprah's politics are sometimes O-dious. Still, *Charlotte Allen* finds her A-O-kay.

SURE, YOU CAN get really tired of Oprah Winfrey fast. There's the saturation factor: the TV show five times a week (ten if you count the late-night reprise), with Oprah always front and center; the appalling movies (did anyone actually see *Beloved*?); the me-magazine, *O*, always with Oprah on the cover and always at the checkout stand in every supermarket in America; and finally, the website, titled *Oprah.com* (what else?), which reprises both 'zine and show.

So: "O" is for omnipresence—Oprah's. "O" is also for oval, her perfect, polished oval of a face framed by another oval, the hard, wide, high helmet of jet-black hair that adds height and formidability, for Oprah is short, and also balance against her pillow-shaped figure, for "O" is also for overweight. Her battles against food and fat are famous, and check her clothes: always a jacket or an overblouse or a vest or a shawl to cover, or at least distract, from the mighty hips and thighs, because Oprah always loses her weight battles over the long run. "O" is also for orthodontia and opalescence, because some dentist has worked long and hard to create that bright, dentures-in-a-glass smile of which every pearly tooth is visible and which Oprah is never without—always the same smile, all thirty-two snowy teeth framed by a lipstick Cupid's bow—wherever a camera is looking. And "O" is for—uh oh—Oxygen Media, the little-watched, fast-tanking cable network for women that Oprah helped launch two years ago to the tune of millions of dollars likely never to be seen again. But that's chump-change. Oprah makes $150 million a year from her other ventures, according to *Forbes* magazine, and her media empire grosses a cool $1 bil-

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lion, with the sixteen-year-old *Oprah Winfrey Show* as its flagship with 22 million viewers.

Yes, you can get sick of Oprah. You can also wish that she could be just a little less predictably liberal in politics. Why the relentless drumbeat for those tiresome Doublemint Twins of Anger Feminism: Gloria Steinem and Eve ("Vagina") Ensler? Why the interview with Ruth Bader Ginsburg but not Sandra Day O'Connor? And Oprah's religion! She was reared by a devoutly Christian grandmother, but her faith nowadays seems to be in a divinity called "your spirit" (it's inside you, but it's also a page on Oprah's website). Her magazine touts such wordy insta-gurus as author Gary Zukav ("Communicating with your own soul gives you a glimpse of the most fulfilled, wise, compassionate, and intelligent person that you might become"), now a regular on her television show, and don Miguel Ruiz, a poor man's Carlos Castaneda and mentor of comedienne-wannabe Ellen DeGeneres. Ruiz invokes what he calls "Toltec teaching" to urge that we start "refusing to buy into everything we've been taught about who we are." (Don't know who the Toltecs were? According to an article about the don in the October 2001 issue of *O*, they were "artists and spiritual seekers" in Mexico who "were forced to hide their ancestral wisdom from European conquerors." And you thought those were the Aztecs!)

Before you gag ("O" is for overdose?), however, consider these ten good things about Oprah, and you will conclude, as I have, that the Sultana of Self-Help may have her failings, but she's basically just great. Here goes:

I. Oprah dissed stuck-up novelist Jonathan Franzen. If she had never done anything else in her life, I'd have to give her a hug for this one. And she did it like a lady, too, retaining his overhyped novel *The Corrections* as a monthly pick of her Oprah's Book Club last year, while graciously but firmly disinviting him from a scheduled appearance on her show. In a series of media interviews, Franzen had sneered at her program as moronic, all the while maintaining, of course, that he never watches it, derided her book club selections as "schmaltzy," and dubbed a planned dinner with her and her fans a "coffee klatsch." For her part, Oprah simply announced that she did not want to make Franzen feel "uncomfortable and conflicted" and canceled the dinner. You go, girl! Franzen has storytelling talent (see his work for the *New Yorker*), and *The Corrections* has its moments of fine and knowing writing, but it is nonetheless a bloated mess, crammed with improbable corporate sci-fi plotting and prose that is often as insufferably oh-so-clever as Franzen's treatment of Oprah.

II. Oprah has class. See I. above. And study her appearance, her clothes. Taste is the watchword: sumptuous fabrics, meticulous tailoring, but simple lines and nothing flashy, so as to focus attention on her face; from the neck up, she's a beauty. Oprah eschews most jewelry, and when she dons it—nice earrings, a bracelet, maybe a ring, it's understated, it's well-designed, (and it's obviously real). Her exquisitely manicured hands sport no nail polish. Sure, every once in a while she'll look like a smokestack in that white pantsuit, but overall, Oprah copes magnificently with a figure that is famously less than perfect. She also copes in a way that other women can imitate; those classic styles she favors can be found on many a mid-price garment. Oprah is saying to the average woman: You don't have to be Beyoncé Knowles—I'm not—but if I can look good, so can you.

III. Oprah worked hard to get where she is. Born out of wedlock in 1954 to teenaged parents, raised by her grandmother in Mississippi until age six, when her mother moved her to Milwaukee and to a dysfunctional household in which she was sexually abused by men starting at age nine, slipping into early promiscuity and giving birth at age fourteen to a premature baby who didn't survive—such is not the stuff of which successful lives are made. After her baby boy's death, however, Oprah gritted her teeth and turned her life around. She won a scholarship to Tennessee State University. She got her first broadcasting job, as a reporter for a Nashville radio station, at age nineteen, and she won a couple of beauty contests—but she didn't give up college, and she got her B.A. By 1977, she was hosting a TV talk show in Baltimore, and in 1986, she started the *Oprah Winfrey Show* in Chicago. That's coming a long way.

IV. Oprah's life is testimony to the role of a good father. It was Oprah's dad, Vernon Winfrey, who took her to live with him in Nashville when she faced being committed to a detention home as a teenager. He enforced strict rules: a nightly curfew and a mandate to earn top grades in high school. He made her read a book a week and write a report about it. Tough love and high expectations paid off.

V. Oprah also had a wonderful grandmother. Living a hard life on a Mississippi farm, she taught the girl to read as soon as she could walk, trained her as a public speaker starting at age three by having her read and recite sermons in church, and repeatedly

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told her that she was "gifted"—exactly the message that an African-American child needed to hear in those days of legally enforced segregation. Oprah credits her lifelong love of reading to her grandmother and father (got that, Jonathan?).

VI. Oprah's magazine is darned good for its kind. I'm not into self-help, either, and my flesh crawls when I read bromides on the order of "Success is about knowing who you are" in Oprah's own one-page column in *O* (this was September 2001). I laughed out loud at the cover of the July 2002 issue: The cover line blathered about "living at full gallop," and the cover photo featured a wind-tousled Oprah astride a horse—that clearly wasn't moving. Then another near-retch experience at this story headline (August 2001): "Cherishment. It's the essence of friendship. It falls somewhere between love, consideration, and reliance." And it's also not a word in the English language. Still—*O* is nicely laid out on high-quality paper and nicely edited (by editor-in-chief Amy Gross); it regularly features name writers such as Nora Ephron and Barbara Ehrenreich (their politics are awful, but they can wield pens), and, like Oprah herself, it aims to inspire its readers to high levels of taste in their reading (there's a monthly book section that recommends classics like *Madame Bovary* and *Notes from the Underground*), their personal appearance, the way they dress (the emphasis is on attractive career-wear for Middle Americans), the way they eat (monthly recipes are both upmarket and easy to cook), and the accoutrements they choose for their homes. An article in the July 2002 issue points out that you'll look a lot better if you stop slathering on the makeup. *O* isn't just a self-help magazine; it's a self-improvement magazine. It reminds me of the old *Ladies' Home Journal* that my mother read avidly when I was a child; that magazine's founder, Edward W. Bok, had dedicated himself to instilling high cultural aspirations in ordinary housewives and mothers, and his ethos lasted well into mid-century. Which would you rather read: *O*, featuring Oprah in a gorgeous red silk sheath and matching shawl (February 2002), or *Rosie*, featuring Rosie O'Donnell in some old shirt?

VII. Oprah preaches and practices exactly the right kind of "diversity." She's proud of being African-American, and both her show and magazine aggressively include and promote black celebrities (one of her biggest catches: National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice), black fashion models, and ordinary black women trying on career clothes or being made over. Oprah's world, however, is a racially integrated world, and her point is always to show that black women, indeed women of every ethnic group, are—or can be if they're not—every bit as smart, pretty, bright, and successful as their Anglo counterparts. They can wear Dolce e Gabbana. They can drink a fine Billecart-Salmon Brut Rosé NV at a garden party. Oprah has brought back the black bourgeoisie.

VIII. Oprah is spectacularly charming. I watched her cooking with Martha Stewart. Martha was concocting homemade marshmallows (I hadn't known there were such things) along with some sort of accompaniment that had vanilla as an ingredient. "Make sure that it's high-quality vanilla," warned Martha dourly, looking as though she'd arrest you for securities violations if you dared substitute the imitation stuff from the Safeway. Oprah was having none of this; she was laughing: "Do you think I'd make my own marshmallows and then use artificial vanilla?" Another show featured a $500-a-pop hair-straightening procedure that would turn Julia Louis-Dreyfus into Morticia. "It doesn't work on African-American hair, so we can't use it," shouted a gleeful Oprah, as all the black women in the audience hooted along with her.

IX. Oprah is real. It's the secret of her phenomenal success. She listens to her guests, really listens—and then she hugs them. She walks barefoot on the stage. She improvises. She sings, sometimes out of tune. She loves her audiences. And she loves food. Every issue of *O* contains a weight-loss program, and every issue of *O* also contains at least one recipe for a sinfully calorie-laden sweet, even "Bread, Glorious Bread" (January 2002), which dawdled over a couple of boules and then launched straight to the "banana-bourbon French toast." On Oprah's cooking show, her onetime personal chef Rosie Daley, who is currently on a health kick, whipped up a vomit-colored soup featuring asparagus, soy sauce, and fake sour cream. Oprah didn't even bother to taste it. No wonder the tabs report every month or two that she has gone on yet another crash diet.

And finally, what is perhaps most important:

X. Oprah has boss shoes. I'm a shoe-fetishist myself, so this is a point of great importance to me. Right now, she's into mules, but I'll take any of her slingbacks and high-heeled sandals. That's something that you, Jonathan Franzen, just wouldn't understand. ◆

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Dishing with Lucianne Goldberg, The Den Mother of The Vast Right-Wing Conspiracy

When Lucianne Goldberg, the Vikingesque New York literary agent turned Clinton nemesis turned web hostess extraordinaire, chortled, early in the Clinton administration, that a White House secretary was willing to come forward to reveal the secret sex life of the leader of the free world, the future editor of TWQ *rolled her eyes in disbelief. She lived to recognize a simple truth: When Luci speaks, you'd better listen. Lucianne is an expert on the foibles of the human heart. Remember how she got Monica Lewinsky to keep that semen-stained Gap dress in its—er—pristine condition? Lewinsky was on the verge of sending the outfit to the evidence-destroying cleaners before a party. Canny Luci told Linda Tripp, said secretary, to inform image conscious Lewinsky that the historic frock made her look fat. That meant that it was saved for Ken Starr—and for posterity.*

Versed in the art of public relations, scandals, and life in general, Lucianne spoke to TWQ *Editor Charlotte Hays by phone from her elegant apartment on New York's Upper West Side.*

TWQ: *Are you watching Hillary? Is she going to run for president?*

GOLDBERG: There was a very well-reasoned piece in the *Washington Times* this morning that laid it out step by step. She has the Clinton money machine, and she's going to have to strike by 2004 or the window of opportunity will slam shut. Because if she doesn't move in 2004 she's going to have to run for the Senate in 2006 and she may have to run against Rudy Giuliani, and God save her. It ain't going to be prostate cancer time this time. She'll lose, and there goes everything down the drain, because she must run for president as a senator. I say she'll run. I think she can take the nomination away from Al Gore because it's her money machine. Gore just borrowed it for his campaign and screwed it up.

TWQ: *Will she carry the women's vote?*

GOLDBERG: No. It's one thing to cut her a lot of slack when her husband is cheating on her and when she's first lady. It's another to think of her as president of this country. As much as women like to applaud other women and celebrate their victories, they don't want them to win that big.

TWQ: *You don't think that Senator Daschle will run?*

GOLDBERG: No. We wouldn't be able to see him, he's so tiny. It's very hard to run with a four-foot soapbox under your arm.

TWQ: *Congressman Richard Gephardt?*

GOLDBERG: Oh, God. I don't know. Gephardt, moan, groan. One of the dullest white men in public life.

TWQ: *After the Clintons, do you find the Bush administration boring?*

GOLDBERG: Listen, after the Clinton administration, World War III would be boring. I started in politics with Kennedy, and those were excruciatingly exciting days because the Kennedys were so glamorous. Though she was a bit dim, Jackie dressed beautifully, looked beautiful, and entertained like nothing we had ever seen. Then it was a vast wasteland for years and years and years and years. And then came the Clintons. We had a different kind of ex-

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citement with the Clintons. It was trailer trash excitement. Every day there was something outrageous. By that time, I was in the sort of semi-media business as an agent handling writers. And, I mean, I knew good copy. When I woke up in the morning I didn't have to read anything except the Clinton stuff, and I had a day's work done.

TWQ: *How do you rate the Bush administration at this point?*

GOLDBERG: Well, I'm really not one to judge because I have been very pro-Bush from the beginning. I will tell you very frankly, setting his politics aside, that what sold me on him as a person is that during the campaign he talked about Jesus. I thought, this man's been in AA. Now, he's never admitted it, but he had the language of AA down. Anyone who has been that far down that he needed to go to AA, and was saved by AA, has got to be a good man. I liked it that he was religious. I liked it that he was a believer. No drunk gives up that stuff because they hate it. To give up something you love for a higher calling is magnificent. I thought, that's the guy we've got to have.

TWQ: *I would subscribe to the idea that Bush gave up demon rum without a twelve-step program. I want to ask you about some women in the news. Is Martha Stewart handling her problems the same way a man would?*

GOLDBERG: No, she's not. She's handling them like somebody who's scared. This is a paradox. Here's a woman who through sheer grit has created a billion dollar empire. She's taught middle-class women about taste, the clueless ones like myself. She taught them how to make things pretty. She didn't invent white-out or the hula-hoop or a better pair of sneakers. She invented style. It is miraculous that somebody clever enough to do that curls up like a slug in the garden the minute she gets in really serious, going-to-jail-type trouble. She just goes silent. She goes panicky. She has stories put out that they're going to blame this little assistant. This clueless little assistant. She's paying a fortune for public relations and it's not doing her any good.

TWQ: *What should she do?*

GOLDBERG: I once had to ask myself that question with about fifteen minutes before having to answer and I had half the world media waiting in the lobby of my apartment building. The story had broken on Drudge and then subsequently in the *Washington Post* that President Clinton had a girlfriend and that there was an agent in New York City who had explicit tapes of conversations with the girlfriend. I had to decide whether I was going to curl up in a ball, face that thundering herd, or send a spokenoid down to deal with it. And I thought, look, I'm telling the truth. I have nothing to hide. This won't be comfortable, but it won't be the most painful thing in the world. I'm going to walk down there and tell them what I know. And I ended up for almost two years of my life repeating over and over and over again what I knew because Ken Starr grabbed Linda Tripp and took her into hiding. I was never permitted to speak to her again. Most people don't know that. So I was out there by myself—thank God, with a wonderful supportive family and friends around me that cushioned some of it, but it was brutal. But, if you know you're telling the truth, you're going to be okay. Perhaps the truth for Martha Stewart is, "Look, I meant no harm, I'm on the airplane going off on vacation and I get word that this stock I own is going in the dumpster, and I called and sold it." And if Congress slaps her cheeks and says, well, that's insider trading, she just says, "So who knew? I didn't know. And if this is a big bad thing, I'll take my hits." If she says this, those guys aren't going to do anything to her, she's a girl. [Cackles]

TWQ: *Our mutual friend, Joan Mower, and I were talking about how conservatives handle the media. They invest the hacks with too much power. It's sort of like a dog—if you're afraid of a dog, it bites you.*

GOLDBERG: Well, I think we have a whole new breed of conservatives who do handle the media well. Of course, they're on the performance side. There's Rush Limbaugh. There's Sean Hannity. There's, God knows, Ann Coulter, who kicks butt from here to Kansas. You have David Horowitz, who is not speaking up but yelling. I do think more of an attitude of "come-and-get-me-copper" works, if you know you're right.

TWQ: *Why did Kathleen Kennedy Townsend have so much trouble with her campaign for governor of Maryland?*

GOLDBERG: She ran a very tiresome campaign. I think she's a tiresome person. She was born a Kennedy, but she's a Kennedy woman. And the Kennedy women just don't have the flash and flare that the Kennedy men do. They're sort of like cardinals—the males are all scarlet and beautiful, and the females are little brown hens. I think that's the case here. She reminds me a lot of Ethel when she talks. And Ethel was not the beauty of the Kennedy clan. Kathleen ran a lackluster campaign and she doesn't engage people. I think it's personality more than anything.

TWQ: *What's the secret of Ann Coulter? She says anything and gets by with it.*

GOLDBERG: Skinny and blond. [Laughter] Skinny, blond, and smart—and she laughs a lot. Laughter is a great,

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great accessory, but when you've got long blond hair to flip while you're doing it, you're way ahead of the game.

TWQ: *How about Janet Reno's unsuccessful race to be governor of Florida?*

GOLDBERG: Poor old Janet Reno. I wonder if she's doing Eskimo rolls in that kayak. She claims she could do that. [Laughter] I never believed it. I was glad to see her soundly trounced. She'll still have her red pickup truck, and life will go on. It's over, Janet. Go home.

TWQ: *Do you feel sorry for Monica?*

GOLDBERG: Yeah, I see her around town a lot and I see the reactions that she gets from the world. She desperately wants attention. She craves it. But, yeah, I do feel sorry for Monica because I don't think she gets the kind of attention she always wanted. She gets a salacious kind of attention. But she'll find some nice dentist and marry him, and she'll be okay.

TWQ: *Do you think Bush advisor Karen Hughes did the right thing in going back to Texas?*

GOLDBERG: Absolutely. Family first no matter what. Because, boy, in the end, that's all there is.

TWQ: *Do you like Maureen Dowd's column at the* New York Times?

GOLDBERG: I think she is wasting what once was a great talent. Well, I can't say great, but something has happened to Maureen. She's crossed that great divide between being a Pulitzer prize-winner and a hack. There's no need to read her anymore. She's not going to tell me anything that won't make me angry.

TWQ: *I read* Lucianne.com *every morning. What's the key to this successful website? Who are your fans?*

GOLDBERG: People who want the news in a hurry. I only put up a tiny percentage of the stories that are posted on the site. People across the country pick articles themselves, and they put them up. It's all done by like-minded people. They come to the site because they wanted to be with like-minded people. We are several pages deep, but I can run my eye down the front page and get an idea of whether it's lively or not and whether there are articles that people really want to read. If there aren't, I go find them and post them up myself.

TWQ: *Who's your favorite male political columnist?*

GOLDBERG: Michael Kelly and Charles Krauthammer. Michael Kelly is kind of a fighting Irish; he doesn't take any prisoners. He just says it like it is. Krauthammer cuts through all the mess. If you want to understand an issue, all you gotta do is read one Krauthammer column on the subject, and you've got it.

TWQ: *What's your favorite newspaper?*

GOLDBERG: Oh, golly. The *New York Post.* I like its attitude. I like its in-your-face attitude. It gives you just enough of the news. It has a sense of humor. It's feisty. It's honest, and you can read it in ten minutes. It doesn't mess up your day.

TWQ: *Who's your favorite female columnist?*

GOLDBERG: Oh golly. Um… There's a girl named Michelle Malkin. Young, bright, smart. There's another one named Kathleen Parker. They're bright. They're funny. They're tough-minded. I like the young ones. I like the ones who have fight in them, have a good vocabulary, and a good sense of humor.

TWQ: *Where do you stand on Iraq?*

GOLDBERG: Oh, I think we should go pave it. Blow it off the face of the earth. Just boom, boom, boom. Kill people, break things, get it over with. Take a long weekend and finish the job.

TWQ: *Linda Tripp. Do you really think she was motivated by idealism? Wasn't it the desire to publish a book?*

GOLDBERG: Everybody knows she first came to me because she wanted to publish a book. But I do know that when she came to me, when she knew about Monica, she was truly in shock, almost Victorian shock. And, yes, I do think she did it out of idealism. She had been in the first Bush White House. She was seeing, day after day, what the Clintons did to the White House and she was just horrified.

TWQ: *My tape just ran out.*

GOLDBERG: And I have two Cornish game hens that are calling my name to be cooked for dinner. ◆

"Laughter is a great, great accessory, but when you've got long blond hair to flip while you're doing it, you're way ahead of the game." *~Goldberg on Coulter*

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Who Put the Social in Social Work?

Jane Addams, founder of Hull-House.

Martin Morse Wooster recounts how the profession of social worker evolved from nobly obliging socialites.

When Mary Harriman, daughter of the railroad magnate E.H. Harriman, was ready to be formally presented to New York society in 1901, she was so appalled at the cost of her coming out ball that she gathered together some of her fellow debutantes to atone by raising money for the poor. These reluctant debutantes soon created the Junior League of New York, the first of the Junior League's many chapters.

The Junior League quickly attracted scores of young women from affluent families. None was more prominent than Eleanor Roosevelt, niece of President Theodore Roosevelt. In the fall of 1903, Eleanor Roosevelt spent some time at the College Settlement House in New York's Lower East Side, where she taught "fancy dancing" and calisthenics to young women. On at least one occasion, she brought her fiancé, Franklin, to the settlement. She later recalled that "all the little girls were tremendously interested" in her "feller."

Though much influenced by the settlement house movement, which, as historian Robert Bremner observed, attracted well-to-do young bohemians "born too late for Brook Farm and, in most cases, a little too early for Greenwich Village," the Junior League remained a mainstay of old-fashioned charity imbued with the notion of noblesse oblige.

Mary Harriman was a socialite, not a social worker. Other women who could have been socialites but instead created a new field of endeavor—social work—soon came along. They were well-heeled women from prestige colleges, and they were active between 1900 and 1920. They were strong, independent, and imaginative women who had wrongheaded ideas about aiding the indigent. They transformed aid for the poor from locally controlled private agencies largely staffed by volunteers to government agencies staffed by professional social workers armed with graduate degrees. Their legacy can be seen in nearly every welfare office in the country.

They often started out with "advanced" ideas and became further radicalized by working among the poor in settlement houses of the sort that so impressed (but did not radicalize) Mary Harriman. These settlement houses first appeared in England between 1875 and 1890. They were places where the poor could see a doctor, obtain food, look for work, take a class, or join a social club. Quite a few, most notably the Henry Street Settlement of New York, were entirely staffed by women in their twenties and thirties. For the most part, according to Bremner, these idealistic young women were "the children of middle- and upper-class households, well born and well educated."

The settlement houses were magnets for smart young leftists who came to network. Scores of revolution-minded visitors, including Mensheviks, Bolsheviks, and Prince Peter Kropotkin, the anarchist, stopped in at Hull-House, turn-of-the-century progressive Jane Addams' famous settlement house in Chicago. The English Fabians and Liberals also paid calls to Hull-House—among them Sidney and Beatrice Webb, H.G. Wells, and John Morley. Alas, the English leftists tended to look down their noses at their American counterparts. Alice Hamilton, M.D., who spent nearly a decade working at Hull-House, noted that "we had some painful experiences" because "what was supposed to be a joyful meeting of kindred souls proved to be a meeting of the snubbers and the snubbed."

But the settlement houses made an enormous impression on those who saw

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Hull-House mothers relax at Bowen Country Club (donated to Hull-House by Louise de Koven Bowen in 1912).

Infant Welfare Society of Chicago provided child-care classes, medical exams, and nutrition advice.

Gangs of difficult boys were exposed to music. "Sing and you'll be good."

their good works. Hamilton, who lived to be 101 and became an occupational health expert—and an implacable foe of the Equal Rights Amendment!—wrote that people left a settlement house with two ideas. First, they realized that the poor were not a faceless class, but rather individuals with unique desires and dreams. Second, they believed that political action was necessary to give the poor a fair chance in life. "In settlement life," Hamilton wrote, "it is impossible not to see how deep and fundamental are the inequalities of our democratic country."

With the second notion, the transformation of charity work to a government project had begun. This "new charity" movement is the precursor of welfare. When the movement started, most aid to the poor was provided privately and on a local level. In 1900, Frank Fetter, the Cornell University economist, surveyed the forty-five states and five territories and calculated that the entire state and local government aid to the poor that year was $11 million. Four states and two territories—Nebraska, Nevada, Washington, Wyoming, the Arizona Territory and Indian Territory (Oklahoma)—spent no public money on the poor.

The great Victorian poverty-fighters aided the poor directly, by helping the jobless find work and providing temporary assistance to needy families. Advocates of the new charity saw things differently. They chose to fight what they saw as the causes of poverty. If tenements could be cleaned up, diseases could be cured, and if enough jobs were available, poverty would be eradicated.

Edward T. Devine, editor of *The Survey*, the leading journal for the nascent profession of social work in the early 1900s, provided the best summary of the ideals of proponents of the new charity. The old charity, he argued, was simply the rich giving to the poor. It was "the mendicant's alms, the pauper's maintenance, the impostor's largess, gifts even to a worthy cause wrung from an uneasy conscience." These notions were to be replaced by "the new view, which makes of charity a type of anticipatory justice, which deals not only with individuals who suffer but with social conditions that tend to perpetuate crime, pauperism, and degeneracy. The home, the factory, the school, the church, and the playground are all within its range."

MOST OF THE REFORMS proposed by new charity advocates—cleaning up tenements, spending more on public health, providing state-funded supplements to single mothers, establishing a minimum wage and maximum hours—had, as Bremner points out, one common theme: They "involved limitations on private property rights and extension of public authority into areas previously regarded as the exclusive preserve of individual initiative."

A hub of activity for the new charity was the Russell Sage Foundation, founded in 1907, which fell under the control of strong-minded women who became leaders of the movement. Sage himself was an unlikely benefactor of the poor. He was known more for stinginess than charity. According to historian Joseph C. Goulden, Sage once docked an office boy's salary a dime when the boy brought him a fifteen-cent sandwich instead of the five-cent one. Sage also allegedly grabbed a clerk to shield himself when a madman with a bomb stormed into his office. The maimed clerk sued but Sage appealed the $40,000 verdict and ended up paying nothing.

When Sage died in 1906, he left his $65 million fortune to his seventy-eight-year-old widow, Margaret Olivia Sage, who, after consulting with the experts in the philanthropic world, created the Russell Sage Foundation in 1907. The board was made up of advocates of the new charity. The foundation's funds, the board said, would "not attempt to relieve individual or family need." Nor would it give money to colleges or universities. The Sage Foundation would also not give "aid to churches for church purposes."

Two women would have a profound

Photos: Wallace Kirkland Papers, Jane Addams Memorial Collections, University Library, University of Illinois at Chicago (JAMC negs 613, 470, 107, 627)

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influence on the Sage Foundation. Mary van Kleeck, a 1904 Smith graduate, moved from settlement house work to toil for the foundation's Charity Organization Division. A colorful character who indulged in spiritualism and had, according to historian Guy Alchon, "a life-long union with the charismatic Dutch labor reformer Mary 'Mikie' Fledderus," Kleeck would remain at the foundation, with a brief stint running the Department of Labor's Women's Bureau, until her retirement in 1948.

Mary Richmond, who ran Kleeck's division, was the other—and even more significant—woman in the formative years of the Russell Sage Foundation. Richmond embodies in her own life the transition from the old to the new charity. Her early book, *Friendly Visiting Among the Poor* (1899), celebrated the old-fashioned Victorian charity that her later work would undermine.

Under Richmond's direction, the Russell Sage Foundation made charity more complex, bureaucratic, and "scientific." Whereas the Victorian doers of good works routinely conducted interviews (to ensure that charity went to the deserving poor), Richmond developed the "confidential exchange," a formal system that was originally designed to help keep in touch with poor people who moved from one city to another.

These exchanges consisted of card files that showed how many times a recipient had applied for a dole and whether the applicant had made progress in entering the work force.

Richmond's 1917 book, *Social Diagnosis*, shows that she developed what we today would recognize as a social worker's mentality. Indeed, she had even promoted the new terminology—"friendly visitors" were replaced with "social workers" who handled "cases" involving "clients." Social work, Richmond proclaimed, was "an adjunct to the fields of medicine, education, jurisprudence, and industry." No longer a volunteer, the social worker was now a professional.

Part of their legacy is the triumph of the notion that government must do what charity once did.

Most of *Social Diagnosis* consists of detailed questionnaires for interviews, written by Ada Eliot Sheffield, sister of T.S. Eliot, one of Richmond's assistants. An unmarried mother, for example, was asked whether she was herself legitimate, if her parents were fond of children and were "self-supporting, self-sustaining people," and the "size, race, religion, general moral standards, faithfulness to church, predominating occupation, if any, recreations, and social life" of her hometown. By 1920, most aid to the poor was given, not by volunteers using their own judgment, but by professional workers armed with a master's degree in social work and relying on the sorts of interviews designed by Sheffield.

IT WAS LARGELY thanks to the Russell Sage Foundation that social work became a profession. "In the thirty years since the Russell Sage Foundation was created," investigative journalist Horace Coon wrote in 1938, "charitable activities have grown from a part-time avocation to a full-time profession, the whole approach to relief has become revolutionized, and what was once an 'interest' of a few has become a lifetime occupation to thousands."

Many of these new social workers had begun their careers as settlement house employees. When in the 1930s the government assumed a larger role in helping the poor, many simply shifted employers. Julia Lathrop, a Hull-House alumna, was the first head of the Department of Labor's Children's Bureau, which was created in 1912. The bureau was the result of a nine-year campaign to establish a federal agency for children by Lillian Wald, daughter of a rich Rochester, New York, family and creator of the Henry Street Settlement and the Visiting Nurse Association, two nonprofits that flourish today.

"If the government can have a department to look after the nation's cotton crop," Wald wrote in a letter to Florence Kelley of the National Consumers' League, "why can't it have a bureau to look after the nation's child crop?" Social workers celebrated the establishment of the Children's Bureau as a great triumph; it is now part of the Department of Health and Human Services and has an annual budget of $4 billion.

Part of the legacy of Mary Richmond and Lillian Wald is the triumph of the notion that government must do what charity once did. But what about Alice Hamilton's idea that the poor are "not a faceless class"? With the rise of social work as a profession, the poor once again became faceless, mere statistics rather than individual human beings. These women had rebelled against the tough-minded traditional charity of the Victorians and in so doing helped to create the bureaucratic welfare state. ◆

Martin Morse Wooster is a visiting fellow at the Capital Research Center. This article grew out of his work at the center and a study to be published by the Manhattan Institute.

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The Beauty of It All

Manon M. McKinnon discovered these heartfelt pages tucked inside a magazine at her beauty parlor.

NEWS FLASH: *The National Women's Law Center (NWLC) has filed a complaint with the U.S. Office for Civil Rights. The suit charges that female students are steered toward cosmetology and clerical courses in vocational schools in violation of Title IX.*

Marie's Diary

Sunday

DEAR DIARY—COOL! I'm starting Eugene V. Debs Vocational School and I'm going to meet with my career counselor tomorrow! Wonder who Eugene V. Debs is. Who cares? I am finally going to really learn how to do all my favorite things: HAIR! MAKEUP! NAILS! I am going to learn COSMETOLOGY! Like this is so perfect for me. Haven't I been playing with makeup since I was five? Don't I do all my friends' hair? Can you believe how absolutely fabulous I made the bridesmaids look for Cousin Rita's wedding? No more just hanging out at Aunt Rose's Beau Monde Salon—that means Beautiful World—I'm gonna get good enough to work there! And it all starts tomorrow!

Monday

DEAR DIARY—No way! Like I went to see Miss Eagleton in the career office and everybody says she's cool but you won't believe what happened. OK, I sat down and she says Well, Marie, have you decided on a career? And I say, Yes, Ma'am. I want to learn cosmetology so I can work at my Aunt Rose's shop and some day I want to be a great hairdresser and makeup artist and make rich and famous people beautiful. Like when they go to the Academy Awards! But Miss Eagleton only said well let's just look at some of the other offerings here at Eugene V. Debs (whoever). Here is Auto Body for example and there's also Electrical Construction and Engineering. I said like how's that gonna help me for the Academy

Awards? Marie she said, the law says that we must not discriminate on the basis of sex and young women must not be stereotyped (whatever). I asked her what do you mean? Well, she said, the Coalition to Eliminate all Traditions and Inequalities Between the Sexes found that sex segregation persists in high school vocational programs around the country and we at Eugene V. Debs (mystery man) don't want to be sued for noncompliance (whatever). So Marie, I'd like you to read these course descriptions of the other career paths offered in the Trade and Industrial. Yes Ma'am I said.

Tuesday

DEAR DIARY—I'm reading: Auto Body: Students will develop techniques necessary to repair vehicles. The curriculum includes refinishing, metalworking, welding, frame-strengthening systems, unibody measuring, (whatever) structural repair, steering and suspension, mechanical and electrical repairs. AS IF!!! Electrical Construction: Students learn AC/DC circuit analysis, switching circuits, fixture specifications and installations, fabricating electrical services....IN YOUR DREAMS!!! Cosmetology: Students learn skills in hair styling and cutting, permanent waving, hair coloring, scalp and facial treatments, and manicuring. YES!!!

Wednesday

DEAR DIARY—Back to Miss Eagleton. Marie, now that you've seen the materials do you feel encouraged to look into some of the other careers that could open new doors? Well, not exactly, Miss Eagleton. And I did see all that other stuff at the career fair and all and I read all that stuff about If Your Counselor or Any Other School Official Discourages You from Pursuing Certain Careers Because of Your Sex They are Breaking the Law and You Must Report Them and you haven't been doing that at all so I would never report you, but I really just want to sign up for Cosmetology. She looked so sad. Ah, Marie, we try every year to improve our numbers but nothing seems to change much. Girls still make up 96 percent of Cosmetology class and boys are 92 percent of Auto Body. It's an issue we're very concerned about but I'm afraid it's very difficult to change because of the stereotypes (whatever whatever) rooted in our culture. Miss Eagleton was getting teary so I said I had to go real quick. ◆

Manon M. McKinnon is a Washington policy analyst.

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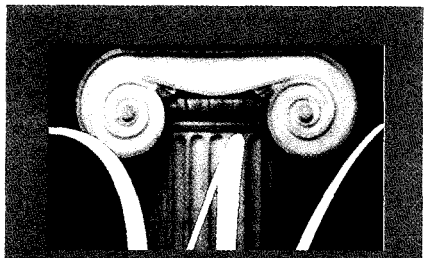

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